

*The youth in his converted
state. Fidelis sic.*



D

110

1578 / 4303

War with the Devil:
OR THE
Young Man's
CONFLICT
WITH THE
Powers of Darkness.

In a Dialogue.

Discovering the Corruption and Vanity of Youth. The Horrible Nature of Sin, and deplorable Condition of Fallen Man,

Also, a Description, Power, and Rule of Conscience, and the Nature of true Conversion.

To which is added,

An Appendix, containing a Dialogue between an Old *Apostate* and a young *Professor*. Worthy the Perusal of all, but chiefly intended for the Instruction of the Younger sort.

The Thirteenth Impression.

By B. Keach, Author of *Sion in Distress. or the Grace of the Protestant Church.*

Psal. 119. v. 9 Wherewith shall a Young Man cleanse his way by taking heed thereto according to the Word.

Entered according to Law.

LONDON, Printed and Sold by B. Harris, at the Boar's-head in Grace-church-street.

To the Reader in. Vindication of this Book.

ONE or two Lines to thee, I'll here commend,
This honest POEM briefly to defend,
From Calumny, because that at this Day,
All Poetry there's many do gainsay.
And very much condemn as if the same,
Did worthily deserve Reproach and Blame:
If any Book in Verse they chance t'espoy,
Away Prophane, they presently do cry:
But tho this kind of Writing some dispraise,
Since Men so captious are in these our Days,
Yet I dare say howe'er this Scruple rose,
Verse has express'd as Sacred Things as Prose:
Though some there be, that Poetry abuse,
Must we therefore, not the same Method use?
Yea sure, for of my Conscience it is best,
And doth deserve more Honour than the Rest,
For 'tis no Human Knowledge gain'd by Art,
But rather, 'tis inspir'd into the Heart,
By Means Divine, for true Divinity,
Hath with this Science great Affinity.
Tho' some through Ignorance do it oppose,
Many do it Esteem far more than Prose,
And find also that unto them it brings
Content and Eath been the Delight of Kings.
David altho a King, yet was a Poet,
And Solomon also, the Scriptures show it.
Then what if for all this, some should abuse it,
I'm apt to think the Angels do embrace it.
Tho' God doth give't here but in part to some,
Saints shall have it perfect in the World to come.

By



By a Freind, in Praise of these Poems.

MY Muse is dull, altho' I have a Will,
This Book for to commend, I want the Skill,
know not how its worth for to declare,
Few Poems doubtless may with it compare,
Not for rare Elegant Scholastick Strains.
Which flow alone from those quick-witted Brains,
Who with their Rhetorick and curious Art,
Strive to affect the Fancy not the Heart.
'This Treatise read kind friend and thou shalt see
Tis chiefly fill'd with choice Divinity.
The Author soars on high, his main Design,
Is to instruct that precious Soul of thine.
Ith' Path Celestial, shew thee very plain,
How thou in Christ an Interest mayst obtain,
Or if in Christ thy Soul has got a Place,
He to thy Joy shews forth thy happy Case.
This Poem's like a Messenger sent forth,
To give a Visit to the drowsy Earth,
The sluggish Soul it strives for to awake
Before it drops into the fiery Lake,
There's very few upon the Earth do live,
But might from hence some Benefit receive.
For though it is brought forth in this our Climate,
Yet twill agree with every place and Time.
Its Message is of such a large Extent,
It may in truth to all the World be sent.
To Male and Female high and low Degree,
He speaks a Word to Bond as well as Free.
All in whom Conscience dwells he lets them see,
Conscience's great Power and Authority.
When Heav'n hot Thunderbolt with Fire and Hail
Made Egypt's mighty Monarch's Courage fail,
Conscience stepped in, made him cry out again,
The Lord is just I and my wicked Train

Have sinn'd yea Conscience also brings.
Saul Son of Kish, the first of Israel's Kings.
Before the Prophet humbly to confess,
That he had sinn'd and acted Wickednes.
Conscience made David to cry out amain.
'Tis I have sinn'd I have Uriah slain,
Although he slew a Lyon and a Bear,
And did not the great Gyants Courage Fear
Yet Conscience made him stoop and tremble too.
Yet more than this you'll find Conscience can do,
Here's Counsel for Professors and Prophane,
Chuse or refuse, here's Loss and also Gain.
One Reason, Reader of this Mode and Stile,
Is, that it might with honest Craft beguile,
Such curious Fancies who had rather Chuse,
To read ten Lines in Verse than one in Prose,
For as the nimble Fly who lightly springs
Against the flame until she burns her Wings,
Is taken Captive with that sulphurous Flame,
With which she only sought to sporr and Game.
So whilst these curious Fancies seem to p'ay
With this small peice, 'twill secretly betray
Them to their Conscience and If Conscience send
Them to God's Word the Author has his end,
Provided t hat unto the same they yield,
And Grace and Gonscience do obtain the Field.

W. B.

Farewel :

Youth

Youth in his Unconverted State.

Youth.

THE Naturalists most aptly do compare
 My Age unto the *Spring* whose Beauty's rare
 When Sprightful *Sol* enters the Golden Sign,
 Which is call'd *Aries* his glorious Shrine,
 And splendid Rays do cause the Earth to spring
 And Trees to bud, and quicken every thing.
 All Plants and Herbs and Flowers then do flourish:
 The grass doth sprout the tender lambs to nourish
 These things in *Winter* that seem to be dead,
 Do now rise up and quickly shew their Head ;
 And do obtain a natural Resurrection:
 By his own Beams and powerful Reflection.
 How in the pleasant fruitful Month of *May*,
 Are Meadows clad with Flowers rich and gay,
 And all Earth's Globe adorn'd in Garment green
 Mix'd with rare yellow Crowned like a Queen.
 The *Primrose*, *Cowslip*, and the *Violet*,
 Are curiously with other Flowers set.
 And chirping Birds with their melodious sounds
 Delight Man's Heart whose pleasure now abounds
 The *Winter's* Past with stormy Snow and Rain,
 And long 'twill be e'er such things come again.
 Nothing but Joy and sweet delights appear,
 Whilst doth abide the *Spring-time* of the Year.
 Thus 'tis with me who am now in my Prime,
 In Merriment and Joy I spend my Time ;

The Young-man's Evil Resolution.

And like as Birds do in the lovely Spring,
I so rejoice with my Consorts and sing,
And spend my Days in sweet pastime and Mirth,
And nought shall grieve and trouble me on earth
I am resolv'd to search the World about,
But I will suck the Sweetness of it out.

No Stone I'll leave unturn'd that I may find,
Content and Joy unto my troubled Mind,
No sorrow shall whilst I do live come near me,
Nor shall the Preacher with his Fancies scare me.
At Cards and *Dice* and such brave Games I'll play
And like a Courtier deck my self most gay.

With Periwig and Muff and such fine things,
With Sword and Belt Goloshoes and Gold-rings.
Where Bull and Bear they bait & Cocks do fight,
I do resort with speed there's my Delight ;
To drink and sport among the jovial Crew,
I do resolve whatever doth ensue.

And Court fair Ladies that I also love,
And of all things do very well approve,
Which tend my sensual part to satisfy,
From whence comes all my choice Felicity.
Whate'er mine Ears do hear, or Eyes behold,
Or Heart desire, if so that all my Gold
And Silver can for me those things procure,
I'll spare no cost nor Pains you may besure,
Thus is my Life made very sweet to me,
Whilst others hurried are in Misery,
Whose Mind with strange Conceits troubled re-
Thinking By loosing all that way to gain. (main
Such Riddles I can't learn, I must them leave,
What's felt and seen I am resolv'd to have.

Let

The Young-man's Evil Resolution.

Let every man his Mind and Fancy fill,
My Lusts I'll satisfy and have my Will !
Who dares Controul me in my present way,
Or vex my Mind, i'th' least, or me gain say ?
What state of Life can equal this of mine ;
Youth's Gallantry so bravely here doth shine.

Conscience.

Controul you Sir, in truth, and that dare I,
For your contempt of my Authority,
You tread on me without the least regard,
At if I worthy were not to be heard,
You strive to stifle me, and therefore I,
Am forc'd aloud Murder with speed to cry,
I cann't forbear, but must cry out amain,
Such is the wrong which from you I sustain.

Youch.

What are you Sir, you dare to be so bold ?
I scorn by any he to be controul'd.
E're I have done with you, I'll make you know,
You shall your power and Commission show,

Conscience.

Be not so hot and you shall know my name,
And also learn from whence my power came,
I'm no Usurper, yet I do command,
You for to stop and make a present stand.
You'r Pleasures you must leave, and vicious life,
Else there will grow a very bitter strife,
'Tween you and I, as will appear anon,
If from these Courses you don't quickly turn,
For all your Courage which you seem to take,
The News bring's enough to make you quake.

Youth

Conscience Defined.

Youth.

Who e're thou art, I'll make you by and by
Confess you hve accus'd me wrongfully.
From Murder I am clear in thought and deed,
Thus to be charg'd, doth cause my heart to bleed
Pray let me crave your Name, if you are free,
If you provoke me worse, 'twill quickly be ;
You seek occasion, and are quarrelsome,
And therefore 'tis I do suppose you're come,
But if your Name you don't declare to me,
I am resolv'd to be reveng'd on thee.

Conscience.

What violence (alas !) can you do more,
Than that which you have done to me before ?
Forbear your threats, be still and hold your hand
And quickly you shall know and understand.
My Name, my Pow'r, and place of Residénce,
Which may to you prove of great consequence.
I am a servant to a mighty King,
Who rules and reigns, and governs ev'ry thing,
Who keeps one Court above and here below
Another he doth keep, as you shall know.
O'er this inferior Court, placed am I,
To act and do as his great Deputy.
I truly judge, according to my Light ;
Yea, and impartially do each Man right.
Those I condemn who vile and guilty are.
And justify the Holy and Sincere.
I order'd am to watch continually.
O'er all your Actions with a wary Eye ;
And I have found how you haye of late time,
Committed many a bold and horrid Crime.

Of

Conscience defined.

9

Of Murder, Treason, and like Villany,
Against the Crown and gracious Dignity.
Of that great Prince from whence you have your
Who's King and ruler over all the earth.(breath
I am his Judge, Attorney General,
And have Commission also you to call
Unto the Bar, and make you to confess
Your horrid Crimes, and fearful Guiltiness.
A black Indictment I haye drawn in truth,
Against thy self thou miserable Youth :
Thy Pride I shall abate thy, Pleasures mar,
And bring thee to confess, with tears, at Bar,
Thy Sports and Games, and youthful Lust to be
Nought else but sin, and cursed vanity ;
And for to put thee also out of doubt,
My name is *Conscience*, which your bear about.
No other then th' accusing faculty,
Of that dear Soul, which in thy breast doth lye.
I by that rule men's thoughts and ways compare
By which their inward Parts enlightened are.
And as they do accord or disagree,
I do accuse, or clear immediately
According to your Light you do not Live,
But violate that Rule which God doth give
To you, to square your life and actions by ;
From whence comes all your woe and misery.

Youth.

Conscience art thou why didst not speak e're now
To mind what thou dost say, I cann't tell how.
Thou melancholly Fancy fly from me,
My pleasure i'll not leave in spight of thee,
Other brave guests you see to me are come,

And

To

Conscience contemned.

And in my House for thee there is no Room.
Dost think I will be check'd by silly Thought,
And into Snares my foolish fancy brought,
It's you which cry out *Murder, only you,*
A Fig (alas) for all that you can do.
For though against me you do *Praise and Preach,*
Your very neck I am resolv'd to stretch.
I'll swear, carouze, and whore, do what *you will*
Till I have stifled you and made you still.
I'll clip your *Wings* and make you see at length.
I do know how to spoil you of your strength:
When you do speak I will not lend an Ear,
I'll make in truth as if I did not hear.
If you speak loud when I am all alone,
I will rise up and strateway will be gone.
To the brave Boys who toss the Pot about,
And that's the way to tire your patience out,
I'll go to Plays and Games and Dancings too,
And e're a while I shall be rid of *you.*

Conscience.

Thou stubborn foolish Youth be not so rash,
Lest e're you be aware *you* feel my Lash,
I have a sting, a whip, *yea*, and can bite,
Before you shall o'ercome I'll stoutly fight,
I'll gripe you sore and make you howl *anon*,
If you resolve in Sin still to go on.
I've overcome strong hearts & made 'em *yield*,
And so shall you before I quit the Field.
Go where you will I'll soon come after.
And into Sorrow will I turn your Laughter.
'Twill prove hard work for you to shake me off
Though you at me do seem to jeer and scoff.

As

As is o'er you I had no Jurisdiction,
Or was a Dream, a Fancy or some Fiction.
For all your Wrath I yet must you disturb,
Tho' you offended are I can't but curb,
And chide you daily as I oft have done,
Till you repent and from lewd Courses turn.
For till the cause be taken quite away,
The Effect will follow whate'er you do or say,
Unless your Light wholly extinguish'd be,
If Sin remains Disturbance you will see,
Therefore I do beseech you soberly,
For to submit to my Authority,
Obey my Voice, I pray thee make a Trial,
Before you give another flat Denial.
If more sweet Comfort, I don't yield to you,
Than all which doth from sinful Actions flow,
Then me reject ; but otherwise my Friend.
My Checks receive and to my Motions bend
Get Peace within whatever thou dost do,
And let vain pleasures and Corruptions go.
That will be better for thy Soul at last,
Than Gold or Silver, or what else thou hast.
And since we are alone, let you and I
More mildly talk about Supremacy.
Is't best for you that Pride and Folly reign,
Which nothing brings but sorrow shame & pain ?
And Conscience to reject who perfectly,
From Guilt and Bondage strives to set you free,
Have not these Lusts by which thou art now led
Brought many a one to want a piece of Bread,
What brave Estates have been consum'd thereby
And now are forc'd in Barns on Straw to lye.

How

How has the Wife been ruin'd with the Child,
Besides poor Conscience grievously turmoil'd ;
Nay, once again give Ear I pr'ythee Hark,
Hath not many a brave and curious Spark
Been brought in stinking Prisons there to lye,
For yielding to their Lust and Vanity.

How many swing at Tiburn ev'ry Year.

For stabbing Conscience without Care or Fear ?
And some also out of their wits do run,
And by that Means are utterly undone.

Some Men so stifle me I cannot speak,
And then they sport and play, and merry make
Resolving that I shall not gripe them more,
But then afresh I quickly make them roar.
Some of them I do drive into despair,
When in their Face I do begin to stare ;
No Rest nor Peace at all their Souls can find,
I so disturb them and perplex their Mind.

What say you now Young-man will you submit
Weigh well the danger and the Benefit.

The Danger on the One-hand will be great,
If me you do oppose and Ill intreat.

Sweet Profit comes you'll see on th'other hand,
To such who subject are to his Command:
What dost thou say shall I embraced be.
Or wilt thou follow still thy Villany.

Youth.

Was ever Young-man thus perplex'd as I,
Who flourished in sweet Prosperity,
Where-e'er I go Conscience dogs me about,
No Quiet can I have in Dsors or out.
Conscience what is the cause you make such strife

I can't enjoy the Comforts of my Life ?
I am so grip'd and Pinched in my Breast,
I know not where to go nor where to rest.

Conſcience.

'Cause you have wronged and offended me,
Loving vain Pleasures and Iniquity.
The Light you have you walk not up unto,
You know tis Evil which you daily do.
My Witneſſ I must bear continually,
For the Great GOD whose glorious Majesty,
Did in thy Soul give ſo large a place,
As for to stop you in your ſinful Race ;
I must Reprove Accuse and you Condemn,
Whilſt you by ſin his Sovereignty contemn ;
I can't betray my Trust, nor hold my Peace,
Till I am ſtabb'd, fear'd, or Light doth ceafe.
Till you your Life amend, and Sins forſake,
I shall pursue you tho your Heart doth Ach.

Youth.

How bold and malapert is *Conſcience* grown,
Tho' I upon this fellow daily frown,
And his Advice reject, yet ſtill doth he
Knock at my Door as if he'd weary me.
Conſcience, I'd have you know in truth that I,
A Person am of ſome Authority,
Are you ſo ſaucy as to curb and chide
Such a brave ſpark who can't your ways abide ?
'Tis much below my Birth and Parentage,
And it agrees not with my preſent Age,
For to give Place to you, or to regard
Those things from you I have ſo often heard.

14 Conscience Rebuketh the Mighty,

Conscience.

Alas proud Flesh, dost think thy self to high
To be subject to such a one as I ?
Thy Betters I continually gainsay,
If they my Motions don't with Care obey,
My Power's great and my Commission's large,
There's scarce a Man but I with folly charge,
The King and Peasant are alike to me,
I favour none of high or low Degree.
If they offend I in their Faces Fly,
Without regard or Fear of Standers by.

Youth.

Speak not another word don't you perceive,
There's scarce a Man or Woman will believe,
What you do say, you're grown so out of Date
Be silent then, and longer do not prate,
In the Country your Credit is but small,
There's few care for your Company at all.
The Husband-Man the Land-mark cann't remove
But you strait-way him bitterly reprove,
Nor plow a little of his Neighbour's Land,
But you command him presently to stand.
There's not a Man can go i'th the least awry,
But out against him fiercely you do fly.
The People therefore now so weary are.
They've thrust you almost out of ev'ry Shire,
And in the City you so hated be,
There's very few that care a Rush for thee,
For if they should believe what you do say,
Their Pride and Bravery woud soon decay.
Their Swearing Curseing and their Drunkenness,
Would vanish quite away or grow much less.

Our

Conscience in these days flighted. 15

Our Craft of Profit, and our Pleasure too,
Would soon go down and ruin'd be by you,
The Whore and Bawd, with the Play-houses then
Would be contemned by all sorts of Men,
You strive to spoil us of our sweet Delights;
Our Pleasures you oppose with all your might,
The fabrick of our Joy you would pull down,
And make our Youth like to a Country Clown
We half Fanaticks should be made (tis clear)
If unto thee we once inclined were.

But this amongst the rest doth chear my Heart,
There's very few in London take thy part.
Here and there one which we do Nick-named
Who hated are, and judg'd not fit to live (give
'Tis out of fashion grown we daily see,
Conscience for to regard, i'th' least degree.
He that can't whore and swear without controul
We do account to be a Timerous Fool.
Therefore though you so desperately do fall,
Upon poor me, yet I do hope I shall,
Get loose from you, & then I'll tare the ground,
And in all Joy and Pleasure will abound.

Conscience.

Ah poor deceived Soul, dost thou not know,
That most of all mankind i'th' broad way go?
What tho' they do most wicks'dly abuse me?
Wilt tho also in the like manner use me?
What tho' they will of me no warning take,
Till they drop down into the Stygion Lake?
Wilt thou befriend the cursed Serpent so.
As to go on till comes thy overthrow?
What though I am in no request by them,

Don't

16 . Conscience in these Days slighted.

Don't they likewise God's holy word contemn?
Don't they the Gospel cast quite out of sight,
Lest from their *Pleasures* it should them affright,
What tho' my friends are toss'd about and hurl'd
Their inward Peace is more than all the world
Can give to them, or from them take away,
Whilst they with diligence do me obey.
As I enlightned am by God's Precepts.
Which are a Guide and Lanthorn to my steps.
O come proud Heart, and longer don't contend
But leave thy Lust, and to my Scepter bend;
For I'll not leave thee, but with all my power,
I'll follow thee unto thy dying Hour.

Youth.

Unto some private place then I will fly :
Where I may hide my self and secretly,
There I'll enjoy my self in spite of thee,
And thou shall not i'th least know where I be,

Conscience.

Nay foolish Youth how can that thing be
From *Conscience* it is in vain to run, (done,
No secret place can you find out or 'spy,
To hide your self from me, such is mine Eye ;
I see i'th dark, as well as in the Light,
No doors nor walls can keep thee from my sight
Where e're thou art or go'st am I not there,
Thy Soul with horrid guilt to scat and fear ?
Could Cain and Judas get out of my reach,
When once between us there was the like breach.
Did I not follow them unto the end,
And make then know what 'twas for to offend,
My glorious Prince and me his true Vice-roy ?

Ven.

No Flying from Conscience. 17

Vengeance doth follow those who us annoy.
My Counsel then, I pray thee take with speed,
For that's the way alone for to be freed
From Vengeance here, and also Wrath to come
When thou dost dye, and at the Day of Doom,

Poore.

What, can't I fly from thee, nor thee subdue,
Then I intreat thee *Conscience*, don't pursue.
Nor follow me so close, forbear a while,
Don't yet my Beauty nor my Pleasures spoil ;
This is my Spring and Flower of my Age,
Oh, pity me, and cease thy bitter Rage.
Don't crop the tender bud it is too green,
Oh ! let me have those Days others have seen,
Forbear thy Hand till my wild Oats are sown,
They must be ripe also before they're mown.
Thou hast forborn with some for a long time,
That which I ask of thee is but the Prime
Of those good Days which God bestows on me ;
Oh ! that it might but once obtained be.
'Tis time enough for to adhere to thee,
After I've spent my time in Gallantry. (sures,
In Earths sweet joys and such transcendant Plea-
Which Young-men do esteem the chiefest Treasure,

Conscience

After all violence and outrage great,
Done to poor *Conscience*, you do him intreat
Thinking for to prevail by Flattery,
But that in Truth I utterly deny.
'Tis quite against my *Nature* you must know,
Unto vile Lust fond *Pity* for to shew,
GOD hath not given such a Dispensation,

B.

For

The Young-man reprover'd by Conscience.

For me to wink at your Abomination ;
If God but once doth blow your Candle out,
I shall be quiet then you need not doubt :
But was to you as ever you was born,
If God doth once his Light to Darkness turn.
But whilst your Soul retains that legal Light,
Your Sins I can't endure within my sight.
God I am sure no Liberty will give
To any one, in horrid Sin to live ;
Nor will he give Allowance for a Day,
'Tis very dangerous for to delay
The Work of thy Repentance for an Hour ;
What thy Hand finds to do, dowith all Power.
If me you don't believe, I Pray the Youth,
For to resolve thy self, go to GOD's Truth.

Youth.

Well since that you no Comfort do afford,
I will enquire of GOD's most Holy Word,
So far I will your Counsel také, for I,
Am sorely troubled, whether shall I fly ?
I will make trial, I resolvé to see,
Whether that Truth and Conscience do agree.
The lip of Truth can't err tho' Conscience may,
When that misguided is that goes astray.
If Truth and Conscience speak the self same thing,
It will Amazement to my Spirits bring.
That now I ask for and earnestly do crave,
Is some short time in Sin longer to have.
Conscience denies it me, Truth, what say you ?
O that you would a little Favour shew
To a poor Lad, alas ! I am but young,
Like to a flower which is lately sprung.

Out of the Ground, and Conscience day and night
 Strives for to tread me down with all his might
 Or as the Frost the tender Bud doth spoil,
 So has he striven to do a great while.
 Must I reform and all my sins forsake,
 Some fitter season O pray let me take.
 For all things there's a time under the Sun
 And when I Older am, I will return.

Truth.

Nay, hold vain Youth, you are mistaken now
 No time to sin GOD doth to thee allow,
 If I may speak, attend, and yon shall hear ;
 I with poor Conscience must witness bear ;
 I am his Guide, his Rule 'tis by my Light,
 He acts and does, and says the thing that's right
 You are undone, if you don't speedily
 Leave all your Sins and cursed Vanity.
 Art thou too young thy evil ways to leave ?
 And yet hast thou a precious Soul to save ?
 Art thou too young to leave Iniquity,
 When old enough in Hell, for Sin, to lye ?
 Some fitter Season(Youth) dost think to find ?
 The Devil doth dart that into thy Mind.
 No time so fit as when the Lord doth call ;
 Those who Rebellious are, they one Day shall
 Smart bitterly for their most horrid Evil.
 In yielding to and siding with the Devil,
 But once again, I prithee hark to me ,
 Don't God whilst thou art young call unto thee,
 Remember thy Creator ? therefore now,
 And unto him with speed see you do bow,
 The first ripe Fruit of Old, God did desire.

And so of thee likewist he doth require,
That thou to him a Sacrifice should'st give,
Of thy best Days, and learn betimes to live,
Unto the Praise of his most holy Name.
And not by sin so to prophane the same.
This is, Young-man, also thy choosing time,
Whilst thou therefore dost flourish in thy Prime
Place thou thy Heart unto the Lord above,
And with Christ Jesus also fall in Love.
Did not Jehovah give to thee thy Breath,
And also place thee here upon the Earth ;
And many precious Blessings gave to thee,
That thou to him alone should'st subject be.
GOD out of Bowels sent his precious Son,
Thy Soul from evil ways with speed to turn.
Who for thy sake was Nailed to a Tree,
To free thy Soul from Hell and Misery,
And while in sin, vile Wretch, thou dost remain.
Thou dost, as't were, him Crucify again,
Thy sins, O Young-man, GOD doth also hate,
His Soul doth loath and them abominate ;
Nothing's more odious in his blessed sight,
Than those vile Lusts wherein you take delight
And wilt thou not, O young-man be deterr'd
From evil ways, what is thy Heart so hard ?
Will nothing move thy Heart for to repent,
Nor work Convictions in thee to relent ?
Give Ear to Truth, Truth never spoke a Lye,
And fly from sin and youthful Vanity.
Those that do seek God's Kingdom first of all,
And do obey his sweet and gracious Call,
They shall find Christ, and lye too in his Breast,

And

And reap the Comforts of Eternal Rest:
But if thou shouldest this Golden Time neglect,
And all good Motions utterly reject,
And slight the Day of this thy Visitation,
That will to God be such a Provocation,
That he'll not wait upon thee any more,
Nor never knock hereafter at thy Door.
While Terms of Peace He doth to thee afford,
Be subject to him lest he draws his Sword.
If once to Anger him you do provoke,
He'll break your Bones, and wound you with his
Who can before his Indignation stand, (stroke,
Or bear the Weight of his revengeful Hand?
How darest thou a War with him maintain,
And say o'er thee Christ Jesus shall not Reign,
Wilt thou combine with his vile Enemy,
And yet presume on his sweet Clemency;
Wilt thou vile Traitor-like contrive the Death,
Of that great King from whom thou hast thy
Wilt thou cast dirt upon the Holy One (Breath?
And keep Christ Jesus from his rightly Throne:
Is't not his right thy Conscience for to sway,
Ought he not there to reign, and thou obey?
Dar'st thou resist and dread his sov'reign Power
Yea, or hold Parley with him for an Hour,
To gratify the Devil, who thereby
Renews his Strength, yea, and doth fortify
Himself in thee, and makes his Kingdom strong,
By tempting thee to sin whilst thou art young.
The Black-moor sooner far may change his Skin,
Than thou may'st leave and turn away from Sin.

When once a Habit and a Custom's taken,
Then sinful ways are hard to be forsaken. (pose,
Dare you, vile wretch, Christ's Government op-
And with the Devil and Corruptions close,
Had'st rather that the Devil reigne o'er thee,
Than unto God Almighty subject be,
Which will be best dost think for the i'th' end,
The Lord to please, and Satan to offend ?
Or Satan for to please, and so thereby,
Declare thy self JEHOVAH's Enemy ?
For those who live in Sin, 'tis very clear
They Enemies to GOD and JESUS are.
And wilt thou yield unto the Devil still,
And also greedily his Will fulfil { (Friend,
Dost think, vain Youth, he'll to thee prove a
That thou dost so his cursed Ways commend ?
Has Sin with all its odious Excrement,
So sweet a smell, yea, and so fragrant Scent,
Shall that which is the Superfluity
Of Nauiness, be precious in thine Eye ?
And dost thou value Christ and all he hath
Not worth vain Pleasures here upon the Earth ?
Shall he esteemed be by thee, vile Dust,
Not worth the Pleasures of a cursed Lust ?
Is there more good in sinful Vanity,
Than is in all the Glorious Trinity ?
That which men think is best that do they chuse
Things of small value 'tis they do refuse, (Soul,
What thought hast thou of Christ, thou sinful
That thou his Messengers dost thus controul,
And dost to him so turn a deafnd Ear,
His Knocks, his Calls, his Warnings will not hear,
Nor

Nor him regard, tho' he stands at the Door,
With Myrrh and Frankincense, yea, and all store
Of rare Fruit and chief Spice, as Cinnamon,
Alloe i, Spikenard, Camphire and Saffron ;
All precious things, (*poor Soul*) of Heav'n above,
He has with him, yet nothing will thee move.
To ope the Door ; for all his Calls and Knocks,
Thou let'st him stand, until his precious Locks
Are wet with dew, and drops of the long Night
Thus dost thou him despise, reject, and slight.
And rather keep thy Lust and Pleasure full,
Than that *Christ* should thy Soul with Heav'n fill
Tho' he ten thousand Worlds doth yet excel,
And makes that Heart where he in Truth doth
To be a Heaven here upon the Earth, (dwell,
Filling the Soul with precious Joy and Myrrh,
Which makes grey-headed Winter like a spring
And young-men like Cœlestial Angels sing,
The Soul he doth so greatly elevate,
That it despairs and doth abominate
All sensual Pleasures in Comparison
Of *Jesus Christ*, his dear and only One.
Let me persuade thee for to taste and try,
How good *Christ* is, and then assuredly,
You will admire him, yea, and praise the Lord,
That ever he did to thy Soul afford
Such a Dear Saviour, and such good Advice,
To lead thy Soul into sweet Paradice.
For none do know the Nature of that Place,
That inward Joy she which shall never cease,
But he himself who doth the same posses,
Oh ! taste and see for then you will confess ;

No Pen can it express, no Tongue declare,
It's Natures such, O young-man, 'tis most rare,
Christ is the *Summum Bonum*, it is he,
In whom alone is true Felicity.
Such is the Nature of Man's panting Breast,
Nothing on Earth can give him perfect Rest:
'Tis not in Honour, that is Vanity,
For such, like Beasts and other Mortals dye.
Kingdoms and Crowns they tottering do stand,
The Servant may the Master soon command.
Belshazzar who upon the Throne did sit,
His Knees against each other soon did hit.
How was he scar'd when the *Hand-writing* came
And wrote upon the Wall even the same,
That afterwards befel, his End b'ing come,
Receiv'd his fatal Stroke which was his Doom.
Great Men are often fill'd with great Fears,
Being perplext they know not how to steer.
High Cedars fall when little shrubs abide,
Though Winds do blow and strangely turn the
For Man in Honour lives but a short space,
He dyes like to the beasts thus ends his Race:
Where's *Nimrod* now, that mighty Man of Old,
And where's the Glory of the Head of Gold?
Great Monarchs now are moilder'd quite away
Who did on Earth the Golden Scepter sway:
In highest Place of Human Government,
None never found therein solid Content.
Of *Alexander* 'tis declar'd by some,
How he sat down when he had overcom'd
The *Eastern* World, and did weep very sore,
Because there was one *World* and was no more

Truth's First Sermon.

25

For him to conquer. Thus 'tis also still,
The World's not big enough Man's Soul to fill.
Riches and Wealth also cann't satisfy,
That precious Soul which in thy breast doth lie
If store of Gold and Silver thou shouldest gain,
'Twould but increase thy Sorrow Grief and Pain
Riches, O Young-man they are empty things,
And swiftly fly away with *Eagle's* Wings.
When *Riches* you do heap, you heap up Sorrow,
They're thine to day, alas, but gone to morrow.
Fires may come and all thy Treasures burn,
Or Thieves may steal it as they oft have done,
He that hath Thousands by the Year this night,
May be as poor as Job by Morning Light.
And as for Pleasure which thy Age doth prize,
Why should that seem so lovely in thine Eyes?
'Tis but a Moment they with thee will last:
And sadness surely comes when they are past.
The Brute his Pleasures hath as well as thee,
Man's Chiefest Good surely cann't Pleasures be.
And whilst thou striv'st thy evil Lusts to please
Thy raging Conscience, *Touth*, who shall appease
With this sweet Meat, I tell thee also Friend,
Thou sour Sauce shalt have before the end.
And as for Beauty that also is vain,
Unless you can the inward Beauty gain.
What's outward Beauty, save an evil Snare,
By which vain ones oft-times deceived are.
And on a sudden drawn into Temptation,
And do commit most vile Abomination.
That *Beauty* which the Carnal Man doth prize,
Readers not lovely in *Jehovah's* Eyes.

Though

Thou deck'd with Jewels, Rings, & brave attire
The Glorious King their Beauty don't admire,
His Heart's not taking with it but otherwise,
The Beauty of vain Ones he doth despise.
Tho' very fair but if defil'd with Sin,
They like unro Sepulchers are within,
Loathsome and vile i'th' fight of God are they,
And soon their seeming Beauty will decay.
It fades and withers and away doth pass,
Just like unto the Flower of the Grass,
The curled Locks, yea and the spotted Face,
God e're a while will bring into Disgrace,
Those Ladies which excel all others too,
Must feed the Worms within a Day or two ;
Death and the *Grave* will spoil their Beauty quite
And none in them shall never more delight.
As for thy Age in youthful Days we see,
Youth minds nothing save cursed Vanity.
Soon may the Spring also meet with a Blast,
And all thy Glory not a Moment last.
The Flower in the Spring which is so gay,
Soon doth it fade and wither quite away.
Nothing on Earth canst thou find out or spy,
That will content thee long or satisfy.
That Soul of thine if still thou search about,
Till thou dost find the rarest Science out ;
For if on Learning you do place your Mind,
Much Vanity in that you'll also find ;
For Human Knowledge and Philosophy,
Cann't bring thy Soul into sweet Unity
With God above, and Jesus Christ his Son,
In whom (poor Youth) is Happiness alone.

DOTH

Dote not on Honour then nor worldly Treasure,
Nor Beauty, Learning, Youth, nor other Pleasure.
All is but Vanity, that's here below,
Truth and Experience both the same do show.
Come look to Heav'n, seek thou for higher joys,
Let Swines take Husks and Hools these empty Toys.
Come taste of Christ, poor Soul, and then you will
Of Joys Celestial have your Fill.

If thou dost drink but of the Chrystal Springs,
All outward Joys you see are trifling things.
If Heav'n's sweetnes thou but once hadst caught
Thou would'ft account Earth's Enjoyments
Honour & Riches too Christ has great store (naught
And at's Right Hand are Pleasures evermore.
Dost think that he who makes Man's life so sweet
Whilst he with many troubles here doth meet,
And in believing hath such sweetnes tasted,
Though his own Image greatly is defaced,
Cann't give to him much greater Consolation,
When all the Sowr's vanish'd of Temptation.
If with the bitter Saint's such sweetnes gain,
What shall they do when they in Glory reign?

Yonck.

Be silent, Truth, leave off, for I cann't bear
Your whining strains, nor will I longer hear
Such Melancholly Whimsies, they're such Stuff,
Which Suit not with my Agé : I have enough
Of it already, and also of you,
Since you my Int'rest strive to overthrow.
When I appéal'd to you I was perplext,
And with sad Melancholly sorely vext.

But

23 The Young-man resisteth Truth.

But since I do perceive the Storm is o'er,
You I don't think to trouble any more.
Long-winded Sermons, Sir I do not love,
Nor of your Sermons in the least approve,
No Liberty to me, I see you'll give,
In sweet Delight and Pleasure for to live.
I don't intend Phanatick yet to turn,
Nor after such distracted People run.
An easy Way to Heaven I do know,
And therefore, Sir, Farewel, farewell to you.
My Bride, my Sports, and my old Company,
I will enjoy, and all my Bravery.
I will hold fast, yea, wantonly fulfil,
My fleshly Mind, say Preachers what they will.

Conscience.

Ah Youth, ah Youth ! Is't so in very deed ?
Wilt thou no more unto God's Truth give heed ?
I was but my mouth to stop I now do find,
That unto Truth you seemingly inclin'd.
But this, O Soul, I must assure to thee.
What thou hast heard has much enlightened me,
And my Commission too it doth renew,
As will appear by what doth next ensue.
Have you from GOD been called thus upon,
And shall your Heart be hardned like a Stone ?
You can't plead Ignorance, O Youth, 'tis so,
You now have plainly heard what you should do
Your Sin will be of grievous Aggravation.
If you don't quickly make a Recantation.
Your Sins will be of a deep scarlet Dye,
And many stripes prepared I espy.

With

Truth is Conscience's Informer. 29

With which you must be beat, because that you
Your Master's Will so perfectly do know;
But for to do the same you do refuse,
And your poor *Conscience* wickedly abuse.
You'll shew your self a cursed Rebel now,
If unto Christ with speed you do not bow.
Wilt thou thy sins retain when thou dost bear,
How much against the Living GOD they are?
Wilt thou cast Dirt into his blessed Face,
O tremble Soul, and dread thy present Case.

Poem.

Now my good Days I see they will be gone,
My inward Thoughts will ne'er let me alone.
Ah, that I could but sin without Controul,
And *Conscience* would no more disturb my Soul.
His bitter Gripes much longer I can't bear,
He's grown so strong, that little hopes is there,
But he'll prevail, such Conflicts I do feel,
My courage now, and Resolutions reel.
However I'm resolv'd once more to try
And struggle hard to get the Mastery:
I cowardly will not acquit the Field,
Nor at the second Summons will I yield.
I'll make once more another stout Essay,
E're unto *Conscience* I will yield the Day.
Ah ! how can I my sweet Delights forsake,
Without Resistance to the last I make.

Conscience, although I sinful am, I see,
There's many thousand's worser far than me,
There's none can live, and from all sins be clear,
That I from *Truth* did very lately hear.

My

30 Conscience scareth the Young-man.

My Heart is good, tho' it is true that I,
Am overcome thro Human Frailty.

Conscience.

O cursed wretch, dar'st thou thy Heart com-
Come tremble Soul, and it to pieces rend.
Don't I most clearly in thy Heart behold,
Most horrid Lust twon'd shame shee was it told
All Rottenness and Filth I do espy,
In that base Heart of thine to lurk and ly e:
There Vipers bree d and many a Cockatrice,
The Spawn of every Sin and evil Vice.
Like a Sepulcher, foul thou art within,
Nought there's but stink and putrifying Sin,
Out from thy Heart all evil doth descend,
And yet wilt thou thy filthy Heart commend?
And dost thou think thy State so good to be,
Cause thou dost find many as bad as thee?
You are so bad, if you from Sin don't turn,
You must for Sin in Hell for ever burn.
Except you do repent, Truth tells you plain,
You perish must in eve rlasing Pain.

Youth.

Well say no more, if this be so I must
Go unto Truth again, or I shall burst,
My Heart will break, I clearly do discern,
I therefore now must yield and also learn,
What is my State, my Nature that I'd know,
Come Truth, I pray, will you this Favour show.
As to explain to me this thing most clear,
For Conscience doth my Soul with Horroure scare
Is he i'th right, O Truth, or is he wrong?
I find Convictions in me very strong.

What

What is my State? Declare it unto me,
And set my troubled Soul at Liberty.

Truth.

What Conscience speaks, O Young-man is most
And vain it is longer with him to fight. Right,
Conscience against thee doth his Witness bear,
And dreadful Danger also doth declare.

Those he condemns by Light receiv'd from me,
Almighty God condemns eternally.

And God is greater than thy Heart, O Soul,
Who can enough thy grievous State condole?
If Conscience does it testimony give,
That you in Sin and cursed Ways do live,
And that thou art an Unconverted Wretch,
It 'tis from hence between you there's a Breach,
If this be so, as you it cann't deny,
What would you do if you this Night should die.
If in this State you should this Life depart,
Undone for evermore, Young-man thou art!

As sure as is the mighty God in Heaven,
Against thy Soul the Sentence will be given.
Conscience his Power from God did receive,
And if you don't obey and him believe,
And do reject his motions, 'tis all one,
And if Christ Jesus you did tread upon:
Whilst he doth rule by Laws that are divine,
'Tis Treason him to stop or undermine.
And once again to shew thee thy Estate,
You being Young-man not Regenerate,
No God nor Christ have you, 'tis even so,
And this indeed's the Sum of all thy Woe!

32 *The woful State of Man by Nature.*

In God no Int'rest, Youth hast thou at all,
He's quite departed ever since the Fall,
And is become that dreadful Enemy ;
His angry Face is set most veh'mently,
Against thy Soul, and that's a fearful thing,
Enough thy Pride with Vengeance down to
Each attribute against thy Soul is set, (bring
And all of them also together met,
To make ev'ry way most miserable,
Which wrath for to withstand what Man is able
He'll suddenly thy Soul to pieces tear,
And his Eternal Vengeance make the bear :
His Wrath it will upon thy Soul remain,
'Till you, by Faith are truly born again.

Youth.

This Doctrine which to me you do declare,
It is enough to bring one to Despair :
If it be so, I grant I am undone,
But God is gracious, and has sent his Son.
He's full of Bowels therefore hope do I,
He'll not on me his Justice magnify.

Truth. (clear

'Tis true, God's gracious, yet he will not
Those guilty Souls who don't his Justice Fear.
He's very gracious yet he's full of ire,
And is to such like a consuming Fire.
He sent his Son 'tis true for Souls to die,
But many miss, and falsely do apply,
His precious Blood therefore my Counsel take
Don't you too soon an application make
Of God's sweet Grace nor yet of Christ's dear
Until by you the Gospel's understood. (Blood
Those

The youth in his Naturall state
Etat sa. 16



T
T
W
H

M
M
A

Re
No
'Ti
An
Wi

M
An
I m
Do
Wh
Wh
The
But
(E'r
My
To l
To l
In Sp
But

Those who are whole need no Physician have,
The sick and wounded soul Christ came to save:
What dost thou judge thy present state to be?
How does it stand, and is it now with thee?

Youth.

I am a sinner and my heart doth bleed,
My sin-sick soul doth a sweet Saviour need,
My Conscience tells me that I am most vile,
And grievously for sin doth me turmoil.

Truth.

No Saviour you can have unless you do,
Resolve to leave your sins and let them go:
Nor for your Wounds is there a help before,
'Till Causes be remov'd which do procure,
And bring on you that pain and bitter smart,
Which you cry out has seiz'd upon your heart.

Youth.

My trembling Soul amaz'd and fill'd with fear
Another way, O Truth, my course I'll steer.
I must forsake all evil Ways, for I
Do see the Danger and the Misery,
Which doth attend the Way that I am in,
Whilst I do keep and hug my cursed sin.
There's scarce a night which passes o'er my Head
But dread I do the making of my Bed,
(E're morning comes) in the sad depths of Hell,
My Conscience therefore now does me compel
To bid adieu to all sweet Joy and Pleasure,
To lies and Fraud, and all unlawful Treasure.
In Sports and Games, I'll take no more delight
But otherwise I'll pray both Day and Night.

C

Conscience

Conscience has overcome me with his Gripe,
Truth follows him so with his threatening stripes
The Wall's broke down the Old-man runs away
And Conscience follows close to cut and slay.
He threatens too he will no Quarter give,
And seems before him every thing to drive.
Lust forced is in Corners for to fly,
Where it doth hide it self most secretly ;
And watches also thinking for to get
An Opportunity once more to set,
And fall on Conscience which it doth disdain,
'Cause Conscience says Corruptions must be slain,
I side with him because I would have peace,
But still'tis doubtless when those Wars will cease

D'vil.

What pity 'tis thy Sun should set so soon,
Or should be clouded thus before 'tis Noon ;
No sooner risen in thy Horrison,
And sweetly shines but presently is gone.
Shall Winter come before the Spring is past,
And all its fruits be spoil'd with one sad blast ?
Shall that brave Flower which doth seem so
So quickly fade and wither quite away. (gay,
Whst pity is't that one so young as thee,
Shouldst thus be brought into Captivity ?
Hark not to Conscience, for I dare maintain,
'Tis better for to hug thy Sins again. (found
Thy Conscience youth thou hast too lately
Doth but amaze and give thy Soul a Wound.
Consider well, advise and thou shalt see,
My ways are best, come hearken unto me :

'll give thee honour, pleasure, wealth and things
Which prized are by Noble-men and Kings;
Let not this Make-bate with one angry Frown
Throw all thy Glory and thy pleasures down,
Let not strange thoughts distress thy troubled
What satisfaction can you have or find, Mind;
But that which floweth from this World alone
'Tis I must raise thee to the sublime Throne.
The Hell thou fearest may be but a story,
And Heaven also but a feigned Glory,
If this don't startle thee then speedily,
I will stir up some other enemy,
Old man rouze up I charge you to awake,
And Swiftly too, your Life lyes at the Stake,
And Mistress Heart stir up your wilful will,
Is this a season for him to sit still;
If unto *Truth* and *Conscience* he gives place,
Our Int'rest will you see go down apace,
Judgment is gone already and doth yield,
And courage too I fear will quit the Field.
Some sins are slain and in their Blood do lye,
And others into holes are forc'd to fly.
As for Affection he doth hold his own,
Tho' Conscience upon him doth sadly frown.
Remebrance will unto him traitorous prove,
If I his thoughts from Sermons cann't remove,
I'll make his mind run after things below,
And raise up trouble which he did not know.
And will forget what lately he did hear,
And cease will then his former thoughts to fear.
If I can please his sensual Appetite,
There is no danger of a sudden Flight.

His Breast is tender apt to entertain.
 The sparks of Lust which long he can't restrain
 I'll blow them up and kindle them anew,
 Then to conviction soon he'll bid adieu.
 New objects I'll present unto his Sight,
 In which I'm sure he cann't but take delight.
 I have such hold of him there is no doubt,
 But I once more will turn him quite about,
 His old Companions also I'll provoke,
 At's door again to give another stroke.
 Their strong enticements hardly he'll withstand
 They can you see his spirit soon command.

Youth's Old Companions.

How do you Sir ? What is the cause that
 Cann't here of late enjoy your Company. (we
 It seems to us as if you were grown strange,
 As if in youth there were some sudden change

Youth.

I have not had the Opportunity,
 Besides on me there does some Burden lye,
 Which doth press down my Spirits very sore,
 And makes me seldom to go forth o' th door.

Companions.

I warrn't you Sir, tis sin afflicts his Soul,
 And he is going just now to turn Fool.
 Come come away to age such Grief belongs,
 To youth brave mirth & sweet melodious song
 Come drive away these thoughts with Pipe & Pot
 Sing and Carouze till they are quite forgot,
 The lovely strains of the well-tuned Lute,
 Where Plays they act, do with my nature suite.

Come

The Youth overcome by Temptation. 37

Come go with us upon a brave design, (thine
The which will clear that drooping heart of
Come, generous soul, let thy ambitious eye,
Such foolish fancies and vain dreams defy.
Shall thy heroick spirit thus give place,
To silly dotage, to thy great disgrace ?

Vicinus.

The young-man yields, being possess'd with fears
They would reproach him else with scoffs and
But afterwards his head begins to ake, (tears.
And Conscience then begins afresh to wake,
And stings him after surch a bitter sort,
It puts a period to his jovial sport. (prefage;
The thoughts of Death which sickness doth
Doth trouble him he cannot bear the rage,
And inward gripes of his enlightened breast,
And therefore now again he think's 'tis best,
To hark to Conscience, whom he did refuse,
And grievously did many times abuse.

Conscience. (dition

Go mourn thou wretch, for sad is thy con-
Pour forth amain the water of contrition ;
Wilt thou appear to men, godly to be ;
When all is nothing but hypocrisy ?
Wilt thou to Truth so often lend an ear ?
And yet to Satan also thus adhere ;
You had as good have kept your former station,
As thus to yield afresh unto temptation :
Go unto Truth, if God give space and room,
Before I do pronounce your final doom.

Truth.

Come, come young-man, don't thy convictions
But cherish them, and timely also chose
The one thing needful, which alone is good,
That God may wash thy soul in Christ his blood.
Thy soul is precious and of greater worth,
Than all the things that are upon the earth,
For if that the whole world you now could gain
And all the pleasures of it could obtain ;
And in exchange your soul should lose thereby,
What would your profit be when you must die?
When once thy soul is lost, thou loosest all :
Oh ! That will be a very dismal fall.
Dost thou not know what I of Hell declare,
Of th' hideous howlings of the damned there ?
How canst thou with devouring fire dwell,
Or lye with devils in the lowest Hell ?
Those who do in their nat'r al state remain,
Must live for ever in that restless pain ;
All fornicators, drunkards and the lyer,
Must have their portion in the lake of fire ;
With thieves, revilers, and extortioners,
And such who are most vile idolaters .
The proud, the swearer and the covetous,
God doth pronounce on them the self-same
And those who live in vile hypocrisy, / curse:
Or do back-slide unto Apostacy ;
Let such unto my present words give heed,
Their pain and torment shall all men's exceed.
What wilt thou do, or whither canst thou fly,
Where canst thou hide from the great majesty.

Who

Who tries the reins and searches every heart
Conscience declares that thou most guilty art
Condemned soul, thou know'st that this is so,
And this moreover will I plainly show,
Will come to pass as sure as God's above,
If from all sin with speed you don't remove:
So sure as you do live, when you do die,
To hell you go to all eternity :
Except repentance in your soul be wrought,
With vengeance thither you'll at last be brought
You are the man for whom God did prepare,
That dreadful Tophet where the damned are;
The which is made exceeding large and deep,
The damned in that doleful place to keep.
Oh, call to mind what Conscience doth this day
Charge you withal before you're swept away ;
Lest you from him do hear no more at all,
Till you into those scorching flames do fall ;
What mercy is't that Conscience strives so long
And his convictions still in you are strong.
O fear, lest sin do fear your Conscience quite,
And God also put out your candle light,
He'll give you up unto a heart of stone,
As he in wrath hath served many a one ;
Then to repent it will be much too late,
Such is the danger of a lapsed state.
Young-men take heed you don't this work delay
on't put it off until another day.
Your own experience may discover this,
Man's Life a Bubble and a Vapour is.
Thy days on Earth alas will be but few,
They fly away like to the morning Dew.

Like as the clouds and shadows swiftly flies,
 Or dew doth pass so soon as Sun doth rise :
 So fly thy days, thy golden Months and years,
 Much like the blossom which most gay appears;
 It on a sudden fades and does decay;
 So youth oft-times does wither quite away.
 Thy age thou dost unto the Spring compare.
 And to the flowers that appear so rare.
 From hence, O young man learn instruction now
 Don't thy experience daily teach thee how
 The flower withers and hangs down his head,
 Which curiously of late so flourished ;
 The meadows clad in glorious array,
 But soon cut down and turned into hay.
 Like Jona's gourd which sprung up in a night,
 And perished as soon as it was light.
 Or like a Ghost which quickly passeth by,
 Or weaver's shuttle which he maketh fly :
 Or as a ship when she is under sail,
 Doth run most swift when she has a full gale.
 So are thy days they in like manner fly :
 How many little graves may'st thou espy ?
 Come measure now thy days & see their length.
 Number them not by years, by health nor strength
 Oh ! these uncertain rules you must refuse,
 Tho' that's the way which most of men do use,
 They think to live till they old-aged are,
 'Cause their progenitors long lived were.
 To rule from Truth you see doth greatly vary,
 That which experience sheweth is contrary.
 You hear the things which you should reckon by
 Things swift in motion, gone most speedily.

Thy

Thy life's uncertain, Youth, 'tis but a blast,
 Thy sand is little, long it will not last ;
 Thy house, though new, yet it is very old,
 Gone to decay and turning into mould.
 You're born to dye, and dead also you were,
 Before you liv'd or breathed in the air ;
 And die you must before that live you do ;
 Except you die to live as I do show :
 Thy dreadful ruin, soul is very nigh,
 Unless thy tears prevent it speedily.
 What is thy purpose now, what's in thy mind ?
 Which way dost think to take, how art inclin'd
 Youth.

Thy ways, O Truth, I am resolv'd to run,
 And never more will I to folly turn.
 I tremble at the thoughts of death and hell,
 My soul is wounded and my wounds do swell,
 My pains increase, therefore my purpose now,
 Is far more strict to be, and for to bow,
 Unto Christ Jesus, that I may obtain,
 Some healing med'cine to remove my pain.
 No rest can I save in my duty find,
 I unto pray'r am very much inclin'd,
 God will I hope these latter sins forgive,
 Since I more godly do intend to live :
 And so resolve to watch and take such care,
 That Satan shall no more my soul ensnare.

Vicinus.

He from this day becomes a great professor
 Though far from being yet a true possessor ;
 Christ he has got into his mouth and head,
 And not internally rais'd from the dead.

But,

42 *The Youth blinded in Hypocrisy.*

But in old *Adam*, still he does remain,
Not knowing what 'tis to be born again.
When Satan sees it is in vain to strive,
The soul into its former state to drive ;
But that it will forlacke cross wickedness,
And will also the truth of CHRIST profess ;
He yields thereto resolving secretly,
To blind its eyes in close hyprocry ;
And so appear under a new disguise,
Most subtilly the soul for to surprize ;
Persuading him the war which he doth find
Daily to be within his troubled mind,
Is saving-grace against iniquity,
Which has prevail'd and got the victory ;
When it is common Grace (we do so call)
And not the Grace that's Super-natural.
He takes the work of Legal Reformation,
For th' only work of true Regeneration.
Here he doth rest and seem to be at ease,
When all is done his Conscience to appease,
But I'll give place to this religious Youth,
To hear discourse between him and the *Truth*.

Youth.

Oh ! happy Land blessed be the Day,
That unto *Truth* and *Conscience* I gave way,
I would not be in my old state again,
If I thereby some thousands might obtain.
From wrath and hell my soul is now set free,
For I don't doubt but I converted be.
The word with power so to me was brought,
A glorious change within my soul was wrought.

Truth

Truth.

Young-man take heed lest you mistaken are,
Conversion's hard: It is a thing so rare,
That very few that narrow passage enter, (ture,
Tho' for that way, there's thousands do adven-
Yet miss their mark for all their inward strife,
They fall far short of the new creature life,
Come let me hear your grounds or evidence,
For I don't like your seeming confidence.

I doubt I shall find you under God's curse,
And still your case as bad if not much worse,
Than 'twas when you did no profession make,
But did your swing in all prophaneness take,
The Pharisee was a religious man,
Yet nearer heaven was the Publican.
If short of Christ you fix or fasten do,
'Twill be your ruin and your overthrow.

Youth.

What do you mean? this Doctrine's too se-
For all might see that I converted were (vere
But if my grounds you are resolv'd to weigh,
You shall forthwith hear what I have to say
And the first ground which I resolve to bring,
For to evince, to clear and prove the thing,
Is from conviction which I have of sin,
Which once I hugged and delighted in.

Truth.

Poor Soul, alas! this reason soon will fly,
For most do see their vile iniquity.
They are convinced by their inward light,
That sin is odious in JEHOVAH's sight.

But

44. *The danger of false Foundations.*

But yet vile sinners are nevertheless,
They don't one dram of saving grace possess.
King Pharoab, Esau, yea and Judas too,
They were convinced of your sins they know :
That they were saints there's no man doth be-
For all those three the devils did deceive. (lieve
As he beguiled them he may likewise,
With cunning stratagems thy soul surprize,
Nay, and he has, so far as I can judge,
Unless you do some better reason urge;
To prove conversion in your soul is wrought,
I do declare your state is very nought.
How many men under conviction lye,
Yet never born again until they die ?
What hast thou else to say, or to produce,
Since slight convictions are of little use ?

Youth.

I do not only see my sin, but I
Do mourn and grieve for sin continually ;
And those which so do mourn they blessed are,
Don't you also the self-same thing declare ?

Truth.

Nay hold a little, thou may'st weep a main,
Yet still in thee may many evils reign.
Thou mayest mourn for sin as many do,
Because of shame, of bitter pain and woe ;
Which now it brings, and leads unto i'th end,
And not because thereby you do offend
The Living God, and wound your Saviour, who
Did for your sake such torments undergo.
Mourn more for th' evil which doth come *there-*
Than for th' evil which in it doth lye : (by

This

This gr
Did mo
And ye
And far

But
My ho
If I con
G O D
Who w
He'll b
This be
But tha

This
Some d
When
His He
lv'e sin
Land n
Tho P
God di
Yet th
Lord w
Into th
And ur
Confes
And no
Men m
Who t
Confes
When

This ground is weak, for *Esau* it appears,
Did mourn and weep and let fall bitter tears,
And yet you know that *Esau* was prophane,
And far was he from being born again.

Fourth.

But I go farther yet I do confess,
My horrid evils and my Guiltiness,
If I confess my sins as I have done,
G O D he is just and is the faithful One,
Who will my sins forgive and pardon quite,
He'll blot them out of his most precious sight:
This being so, What cause then can you see,
But that I'm turn'd from my Iniquity ?

Truth.

This will not do, 'tis not a certain Ground ;
Some do confess their sins whose hearts unsound
When *Pharoah* saw the Judgment of the Hail,
His Heart began then greatly for to fail.
Iv'e sinn'd this time, the Lord is just said he,
I and my people also wicked be.
Tho *Pharoah*, *Saul*, and *Judas* each of them,
God did reject, and utterly condemn,
Yet these when under Wrath are forc'd to cry
Lord we have sinn'd, their *Conscience* so did fly
Into their Faces that it made them quake,
And unto God Confession strait to make.
Confession also may be made in part,
And not of ev'ry sin that's in the Heart.
Men may confess their sins and their great guilt
Who the dire Nature of it never felt,
Confess their sins in their extremity,
When Conscience pinches them most bitterly.

Confess

46 *The wicked confess their Sins.*

Confess their sins which they committed have,
Yet don't intend those cursed sins to leave.

Youth.

But I confess and also do forsake,
My state therefore you 'tis clear do mistake :
Those who confess and do their sins fore-go,
God will to them his precious mercy show,
Therefore don't trouble me, 'tis very plain,
I for my part am truly born again.

Truth.

In this also you may deceived be,
Men may forsake all gross Iniquity.
Yet in their Souls may some sweet morsels lye,
Which they may hug and keep close secretly ;
They may sin leave but not as it is sin,
Which has too often manifested been :
If the least sin thou dost forsake aright,
All sins would then be odious in thy sight.
Judgment and reason may your sins oppose,
And utterly with them refuse to close.
Yet may thy Will and thy affections joyn,
To favour still and love those sins of thine.
If sin's not out of the Affections cast ;
Thou wilt appear an Hypocrite at last :
If sin's i'th' Will, and in th' Affections found
'Tis a true sign their hearts are quite unsound.
Like to the Sea-men some Professors do,
Who over-board some goods are forc'd to throw
When they do meet with storms and with bad weather
Lest all their Goods and Ship doth sink together
When in the Soul great storms and tempests
The Devil then may subtilly advise.

The S
To m
Per su
And t
'Tis n
But ev
And c
Or el
Not by
As son
Who l
Such l

The
And I
Were'
By wh
Sir, th
Most l
That o
Those
And fo
Should
And u
Of my

Fro
And n
A Leg
Yet ma
An ou
When

The

The Soul to throw some of his Sins away,
To make a Calm that so thereby he may,
Persuade the Soul the danger is quite gone,
And that the work in him is fully done,
Tis not enough therefore some sins to leave,
But every sin you must resolve to heave,
And cast o'er-board, yea, and that willingly,
Or else you sink to all eternity.

Not by constraint as conscience doth compel,
As some are forc'd to do who like it well,
Who leave the act but love it to retain ;
Such leave their sins and yet their sins remain.

Youth.

These are hard sayings which you do relate,
And I indeed should question my Estate,
Were't not for other grounds & reasons clear,
By which I know that I converted were.

Sir, there's in me a very glorious Change.
Most Men admire it and do think it strange,
That one who lately did both scoff and jeer,
Those men and people which I now do hear,
And follow'd Vice and ev'ry vanity,
Should on a sudden thus reformed be,
And utterly my self also deny,
Of my sweet Joys and former Company,

Truth.

From outward filthines a Man may turn,
And not be chang'd in heart when he has done
A Legal Change I grant he may be under,
Yet may not soul and self be cut asunder.
An outward change in men there may be wrought
When yet their hearts within be very nought.

The

48 Conscience forceth to leave Sin.

The Swine that wallows in the Mire now,
May washed be and still remain a Sow.
Persons may cleanse the outside of the Cup,
And Dogs may spew their nasty Vomit up;
But yet do keep their beastly Nature still,
And e're a while they manifest it will.
Many Professors fall away and dye,
For want of being changed thorowly.
The *Pharisee* was chang'd he did appear,
Indeed as if a precious Saint he were.
He differ'd quite from the poor *Publican*,
He thought himself a far more happy Man.
But all this was in shew and not in heart,
He therefore had in Christ no share nor part.
Except your Righteousnes doth his excel,
You in no wise shall in God's Kingdom dwell.
'Tis a false change and cannot be a true,
Unless you are in all things wholly new.
Old *Herod* will reform in many things,
When once he finds his *Conscience* bites and
To hear *John Baptist* also was he led, (stings.
Yet afterwards depriv'd him of his head.
So far this seeming Saint was turn'd aside,
That he also our Saviour did deride.
And then his Men of War set him at nought,
Whilst accusations they against him brought.
Simon the Sorcerer also you read,
Was changed so he gave great care and heed,
To *Philip's* Preaching, yea, and suddenly,
He leaves his Witchcrafts and his Sorcery.
But was a cursed Caitiff all the while,
Like a *Sepulcher*, painted inward vile.

Another

Another man in shew, 'tis like thou art
Yet not made new, and changed in thy heart,
Men in thy life may no great blemish spy,
Yet in thy breast much rottenness may lye.
Towards all men thy Conscience may be clear,
Conscience so far for thee may Witness bear,
That you in Morals it doth not offend;
Yet unto God it may not you commend,
But otherwise it in your face may fly,
And you coademn for sin continually;
For secret evils which 'tis privie to,
Which none knows of, save only God and you,
Therefore O young-man! if you look about,
Of your Conversion you have cause to doubt,
Satan so greatly may your heart deceivé,
That not one dram of grace thy soul may have,
Which saving is, and of the purest kind,
For that, alas! there's very few doth find.

Youth.

But I am call'd of God and do obey
The voice of *Truth* and *Conscience* every day.
God's called one I'm sure you cann't deny
But they are such whom he doth justify.
Therefore 'tis clear and very evident,
That grace alone hath made me penitent.
My heart is sound, my graces true also,
My confidence there's none shall overthrow.

Truth.

Thou seem'st too confident, 'tis a sad signe
For fears attend where saving grace doth shinc.
I tell the, Youth, that many called be,
But few are chosen from Eternity.

Judas was call'd, and did obey in part;
 And yet he was a Devil in his heart.

There is an outward and an inward call,
 The latter only is effectual.

Therefore you must produce some better ground
 For this don't prove that your conversions sound
 But that thou may'st stick fast still in the birth,
 Or prove abortive when thou art brought forth
 'Tis rare, O Youth, for to be born a-new,
 And hard to find out when the work is true.

Youth.

Though it be so, what cause have I to fear,
 When that my Evidences are so clear ?
 I do believe, and trust in God through Faith,
 And he which so doeth, the witness hath,
 Within himself, and shall assuredly
 Be saved also when he comes to die.

Truth.

Thou may'st believe, as most of people do,
 And yet to Hell at last thy Soul may go.
 The faith of Credence, it is like you have,
 Which cannot quicken, purify or save.
 Some Jews believ'd in Christ you also find,
 Yet to their lusts their hearts were then inclin'd
 And out of Satan's Kingdom were not freed,
 Nor made Disciples of the Lord indeed,
 Simon the Sorcerer he did believe.
 Yet did his soul no saving grace receive ?
 But was a Child of Satan's ne'ertheless,
 And still was in the Gall of bitterness.
 The stony ground with joy receiv'd the seed,
 And for a time brought forth as you may read:

And

And yet their hearts they were but hearts of stone,
 Their faith was temporary, soon 'twas gone.
 The Devils do believe as well as you,
 Yea, and confess, that Jesus they do know;
 They tremble also when some men cann't say
 They ever did unto this present day.
 Such faith as Devils have, most men obtain,
 Which serves for nought save to augment their pain,
 If on a death-bed Conscience do awake,
 'Twill cause them then to tremble and to quake
 And roar like Devils when they do espy
 The dreadful Wrath of that great Majesty,
 Whom they offend, and against purest light,
 And knowledge too most wickedly did slight.
 This faith will serve their grief to aggravate,
 But not to help them out of that Estate.
 'Tis easie to believe that Christ did die,
 But hard his Blood in truth for to apply.
 Men may raise up the dead to life again,
 As easie as true saving faith obtain
 By their own power, and inherent skill,
 Nought doth oppose it more than man's own will,
 Until Almighty Power makes it bēnd,
 'Twill not to Grace, nor Jesus Condiscend.
 That pow'r which rais'd up Jēsus from the dead
 Work's faith in saints whereby they're quicken'd
 The faith of Credence and Historical,
 Is easy had, I ne're deny it shall;
 But precious faith, the faith of God's Elect,
 As 'tis a Grace and gloriously bedeckt
 With other Graces, so, 'twill never grow,
 But in the honest heart where God doth sow.

This is blessed seed, which like a garden pure,
 Doth yield its fruits to the last you may besure
 And when this Faith is wrought in any soul,
 It throwes down self, and wholly then doth roul
 On Jesus Christ that beloved one,
 On whom it rests, and doth depend alone:
 If God has wrought this precious grace in thee,
 Sure thou dost hate, yea, all iniquity;
 And lust doth not predominate and reign,
 If thou by faith art truly born again.
 Christ thou exalt'st as he is priest and king,
 And as a Prophet too in ev'ry thing;
 He does in thee wholly the scepter sway,
 And thou art govern'd by him ev'ry day,
 Sin can't prevail such is thy happy case,
 If thou hast gotten this victorious grace.
 It purges and doth purify the heart,
 Wholly renewing thee in ev'ry part.
 Men by its fruits true faith do come to know,
 And by their works the same do also know,
 What faith is thine? what thinks thou now of it?
 I greatly fear 'twill prove a counterfeit,
 Examine thy estate and take good heed,
 To close with Jesus Christ and that with speed
 For as the body without the spirit's dead,
 The same of faith you know is also said,
 Without obedience doth thy faith attend:
 Yet for all this you'll perish in the end.

Youth.

I am obedient, and am free to joyn
 In fellowship with saints, such faith is mine?

I willing am to do, as to believe,
The Devil cann't therefore my soul deceive ;
For I have clos'd with Christ already so,
That none my Faith shall ever overthrow.
The many pray'rs I make both day and night,
Do doubtless prove that my Conversion's right.

Truth.

I tell thee, soul, men may do more than this,
And yet they may of true conversion miss.
God's Ordinances many do obey,
And members of his holy Church are they,
And of its Priviledges seem to share,
As if that they converted truly were.
They may discourse, and seem to be devout.
And may not be discerned, nor found out :
They with the flock may walk, lye down, and
And so remain till many years succeed, (feed,
Nay, not discover'd be, until they stand
Among the Goats at Jesus Christ's left Hand.
The foolish Virgins join'd themselves with wise
And for to meet the Bridegroom did arise ;
Before the Bridegroom came, their case was sad
For they nought else but empty Vessels had.
A bare Profession, and a meer outside,
And did no Oyl, no saving Grace provide.
Many great preachers, and disputers too,
Christ will not own, nor any favour shew ;
Tho in his name they mighty works have done,
He'll to them say, Ye wicked ones be gone.
I know you not therefore be gone from me,
All you vilt Workers of Iniquity.

You say oft-times you seek the Lord in Prayer
That you may do and let fall many a Tear,
And yet not be in a converted state ;
For many seek with Tears when 'tis too late.
Others, like Sea-men in a Storm do cry,
When Conscience doth rebuke them bitterly ;
And some under afflictions cry and howl,
And grievously their state do then condole ;
They promises and resolutions make,
That they such courses will no longer take,
But when the storm and the afflictions o'er,
They are as bad nay worser then before.
Some pray in form and others pray by art,
And some to mend the badness of their heart ;
Their hearts are wounded and then speedily,
Their prayers to heal it, they do strait apply.
They sin by day, and pray when it is night :
They sin again, but pray'r doth heal it quite.
They think 'tis well if tears they can let fall,
Their tears and pray'rs they think will cure all
And so that way poor Conscience they beguile,
They silence him yet sinners all the while.
Their pray'rs, alas cann't wash their filth away,
Tho' they do nothing else both night and day.
'Tis on their pray'rs they rest, and do depend,
Which like a broken staff, they fall i'th' end.
A Saint at pray'r no rest nor ease can gain,
Unless Christ's blood thereby he doth obtain ;
And Grace also, his sins to mortify ;
For Christ, as well as pardon he doth cry :
But otherwise it is with most of men,
They cry for pardon and do also then.

In their vile Hearts regard iniquity ;
And for this cause God doth their suit deny.
Their prayers are to God abomination,
Whilst they do hide & cover their transgression
Some out of custom do perform their pray'r,
Not out of Conscience, or from Godly care ,
And others also for vain glory sake,
Like *Pharisees* they many prayers make.
In sight of men, in publick such will pray,
But in the Closet little have to say.
And some to God also seem to draw near,
Yet not in love nor out of filial fear, (show
They with their mouthes and tongues much kindness
When as their hearts are fix'd on things below.
'Tis for the heart that Christ doth chiefly call,
And reason 'tis that he should have it all ?
For he the same did buy and purchase dear ;
Yet Satan has the chief possession there.
God at the door, and in the porch doth stand,
Whilst Satan may the bravest room command.
They'll ope to him and keep *Jehovah* out,
And yet in pray'r they seem to be devout.
There's some will pray, and up this duty keep
When th' soul is quiet, and the body near asles . p
Whoever prays, and prays not fervently.
In faith, in truth, and in sincerity.
Their pray'rs are sin, and them God will not hear
Nor mind their cry when they so him draw near,
'Tis not enough a Duty for to know,
But how also each Duty you should do.
For men may pray, read, hear, and meditate
And yet be in an unconverted state.

56 *The Prayer of the Wicked is Sin.*

They outwardly may many truths profess,
But not in heart, th' pow'r of them posses.
The law i'th' Letter keep, yea, have the shell,
Yet feed on husks, and want thē true kernel:
The Young-man which to Jesu Christ did run,
He many things as well as you have done,
And yet fell short as you may plainly see,
Of the chief part of true Christianity.

What say you now, O Youth, do you not fear,
That you by Satan much deceived are?
Have you no *Dalilah*, which secretly
Doth in your heart, or in your bosome lye?
Don't you to sin some secret love retain:
If it be so, you are not born again.

Conscience, I fear, and God's restraining Grace,
Has only stop'd you in your former race.
Like to a Dog, that's kept up by a chain,
So *Conscience* does from sin oft-times restrain;
But if the chain should slip, then loose he goes,
And presently his churlish Nature shows.

To your own righteousness do not you trust,
I hear you do, come speak, or Conscience must.
Don't you conclude God is Oblig'd to you,
Since you have let so many evils go?
And were so holy here of late become,
Are not your Duties set up in the room,
And place of Christ? O see you do not make
A Saviour of your own, for Jesus sake.
Did ever sin sinful to you appear,
And, as 'tis sin, to it great hatred bear?
Would you not sin, were there no hell of pain,
Because you know the Lord doth it disdain?

Rather

Rather, is't not thro fear of Punishment,
That you of late seem thus for to relent ?
Or doth there not some carnal base design,
Move thee so far unto God's Truth to join ?
Is not thy End to get a Name thereby ?
Or only done Conscience to Satisfy ?
Or done to free thee from reproach or shame,
Which sin doth bring upon a person's Name.
Hast not it done, and wisely cast about,
This way, for to prevent a Bankerupt ?
Or done for to augment thy outward store ?
To save thy Stock, and add unto it more ?
For riotous living which attend thy age,
Consumes apace, and want it doth presage.
Come I speak, O Youth, and be not thou unfree,
To let me understand how 'tis with thee.
Come call to mind, what thou hast heard of late
And thereby judge of this thy present state.

Vorth.

I do not see but my condition's good,
I have such hopes and faith in Christ's dear blood
Though many Imperfections I do see,
Yet God is gracious, and will pardon me.
For many failings there are in the best,
What is amiss I'll mend, and so do rest.

Truth.

Thy hope will fail, like to a Spider's Web,
Thy flood of confidence will have its Ebb,
If thou prove guilty of those things which I
Did unto thee so lately signify.
Thy Spots will not be like the Spots of those
Which God for children to himself hath chose,

And

58 The hope of Hypocrites doth Perish.

And since you are so loth for to be try'd,
And least you should also some evils hide ;
To Conscience I'll appeal you have done wrong
To stop his mouth and hinder him so long ;
He's so enlightned now, he can declare,
As much as we at present need to hear,
He'll speak the truth and his opinion show,
And nothing will he hide which he doth know.
If unto him you do attend with care,
Of other Witnesses no need is there.
If he, O Young-man, be but on your side,
And is your friend, you need none else provide,
But if against you, and do prove your foe,
With vengeance then besure down will you go.
But if you will not hear what he shall say,
He'll make you tremble in the Judgment day.

Conscience, I do i'th' name of the great King,
Require you forth your Evidence to bring
Against this man accuse or set him free,
According as you find his state to be ;
Stand up for Christ, your dread and sovereign Lord
And judge for him, as he doth light afford.
Be not deceived by lust, a bribe to take,
But judge by Law, Christ's honour lyes at stake
For to speak home, and loud have you forgot ?
Is he converted now or is he not.
What do you say your testimony give,
Is all sin dead, or doth there any liye ?
Is he New-born, and chang'd in ev'ry part ?
Or is't in shew only and not in heart ?

Conscience.

Conscience.

Sir, say no more, I am at your command,
And you shall hear how things at present stand.
He hath, O Truth, almost deceived me.
By's late pretences unto sanctity.
But having now a fresh receiv'd more light,
I must declare he was a Hypocrite.
He's not renew'd, or truly born again,
Which I to you shall clearly now explain.
For, first of all, his faculty call'd Will,
That is perverse and very wicked still,
Though I stir up to goodness every hour,
Will doth oppose it with his greatest pow'r.
He'll never pray in private day or night ;
But I must force him to't with all my might,
The old man is not slain, I do espy,
But has much favour shown him secretly,
Though I do force him into holes to run,
Yet he doth nourish him when all is done,
His love and his affection are for sin,
And so in truth they ever yet have been.
He's troubled more at sin because of guilt,
Than at the odium of its cursed filth.
When he's abroad amongst Religious Men,
Precise and zealous he is always then ;
But when amongst such, who ungodly be,
He suits himself to their vile Company.
Some sins are left, which men condemn as gross
Yet one he keeps and hugs it very close ;
Lust doth bear rule, and much predominate,
And lie on it doth love to ruminate.

'Tis

'Tis shame and outward fear doth him restrain,
Or else the act he would commit again.
If he from outward blots can keep his name,
That saint's can't him accuse, nor justly blame
He's satisfy'd, and very well content,
Tho to his peace I never gave consent ;
Peace he oft-times doth speak unto his soul,
And scarce will suffer me him to controul :
When I sometimes do catch him in a lye,
And do reprove him for Hypocrisy,
To stop my mouth he vows he will with speed,
Amend what is amiss, and take more heed ;
And more than this of him I could relate,
And shew how you have hit his present state :
But that he will not suffer me to speak,
He blinds my eyes, that so I might not rake
Into his heart and life, lest he thereby
Meet with great shame for his Iniquity.

Truth.

Conscience forbear, you need not to enlarge,
If you do lay these things unto his charge,
He is undone ; alas, his precious Soul
Is under Wrath : Who can enough condole
His sad Estate ? The Gospel he'll profess,
But still remain i'th' land of bitterness.
Is this the Saint which seemed so precise,
And did appear God's statutes much to prize ?
A Saint in shew, a Devil in his heart,
And must wish Devils also have his part,
This Day is coming, and is very near.
When Hypocrites shall be surpriz'd with fear ;

The

The
Is ma
But si
Befor
Let u
What
If Go
That
Whit
To s
For s
'Tis
He n
Of si
His l
Nor
How
Nor
And
So o
The
Of J
But
I do
Him
'And
The
But
Lan
Lay

The everlasting burning fiery lake,
Is made more hot on purpose for his sake.
But since you are not fear'd, nor I yet gone,
Before we leave him quite do you go on ;
Let us pursue him still, for who doth know,
What God may yet upon his spirit do ?
If God grant him one drachm of saving grace,
That will yet do, t' bough'tis a doubtful case,
Whither or no God will his grace afford,
To such as he, who t' bus offends the Lord
For such, whom Satan doth this way deceive,
'Tis hard to bring them truly to believe.
He never was convinced thoroughly
Of sin and of his nat'r al mis'ry.
His lost estate he truly never saw,
Nor what it is for to transgres's God's law.
How he's undone thereby he neve'r knew
Nor what for Sin-Originial was due.
And as he did for sin ne'er kindly bleed,
So of a Christ he never saw the need.
The absolute and great necessity
Of Jesus Christ he never did espy :
But on false bottoms he has built 'tis clear,
I do conjure you thereto re to declare
Him utterly unclean from top to toe,
'And let him understand you are his foe,
The plague is in his head and no place free;
But in his heart it rages veh'mently.
Lance him into the quick and make him feel,
Lay on such blows, as may cause him to reel.

Conscience,

Come, come, O young-man listen unto me,
 I will no longer thus deceived be.
 I from God's word, commission have a-new,
 To tell thee what is like for to ensue ;
 For all thy hopes and seeming goodly show,
 Thou art a wretched sinner thou dost know,
 Think'st thou on Conscience to commit a rape ?
 And yet God's dreadful Vengeance to Escape ?
 Dar'st thou again under a new disguise,
 Encounter with those former enemies ?
 You are the same i'm sure although you have
 Changed your coat poor mortals to deceive.
 Ungodly wretch, dost thou not dread my name
 Who'm come once more against thee to proclaim
 A second War, and to declare also,
 God's still thy enemy and bitter foe ;
 His sword is whet, his bow he'll also bend,
 To cut down those that do like thee offend.
 Nought he hates more than vile Hypocrisy,
 And from his presence youth thou canst not fly
 Youth.

Conscience, be still, though I a Sinner be,
 There's none doth know it now, save only thee
Conscience.

Deceived Soul doth none know it but I ;
 Where's the great God is he not also nigh ?
 Dost think, vain youth, the interposing cloud,
 From God's all searching Eye can be a shroud ?
 Or dost thou think God's Seat is so on high,
 That he cannot thy inward thoughts espy ?

None

63 The dreadful Nature of a guilty Conscience!

None know'st but me, know'st thou not who I am?
Have I not pow'r for to accuse and damn?
Should I be still, it would be a sad day,
Unless thy sins were purged clean away.
And whilst I speake and thou dost stop thine ear
Nothing but war and tumults thou wilt hear.
I'll never side with thee nor take thy part,
Whilst horrid guilt remains in thy base heart.
Nor would I mind thy flattery or Frown,
Were thou the highest prince of great'ſt renown
That ever did on earth a Scepter sway,
Before thy face I would thy evils lay,
At the least sin before I cann't connive,
And therefore with me 'tis in vain to strive:
For where I am an enemy indeed,
I'll plague that heart until I make it bleed,
A close and secret foe, Young-man am I,
Who am also with thee continually.
What e're you think or speak, yea, act or do,
Of it, poor soul, I very well do know.
Thy secret Lust, and what is done i'th' night,
Which thou ashamed art should come to light.
I then am nigh and know it very well,
And more than this I am resolv'd to tell;
I unto thee shall prove an Enemy,
When thou art brought into aduersity.
When death and sickness come, then shou'lt thou
How thou with horror shalt amazed be. (see,
Then my black Bill against thee will be large,
For then against thee I will bring a charge.
Which will make thy sad face like ashes look
And wound thy soul, as if a knife was struck.

Into

94 The dreadful Nature of a guilty Conscience.

Into thy very heart and make the mourn,
And curse the day that ever thou was born.
I'll make thee clearly understand i'th' end,
What 'tis vile wretch, poor *Conscience* to offend
Hark once again for I have more to say,
When this Life's ended there's another day.
Look now about thee *Truth*, for theire's to come
The black, the dark, the dreadful day of doom.
When thou dost die, I'll bite and sting thy soul
Whilst that in *flames* doth burn and doth condole
It's damned state, for yielding unto sin,
Which has alone the *rain* of it been.
And also when i'th judgment day you stand,
Among the *Goat's* at Jesus Christ's left hand,
Thy dreadful state and tryal for to hear,
Then I against thee straitways must appear ;
Yea, and shall speak more plain than now I can
Because I am clouded by the fall of man ;
And am by Satan often-times misled,
And utterly unable rendered,
A true and right decision for to make ;
He so beguiles me that I do mistake,
And a wrong judgment often-time retain,
Till *Truth* sets me into the light again,
But Satan then shall no more power have
The heart of man for to deceive.
I in that day shall you provoke and urge,
For to confess with shame before the judge,
Thy evil lust, and close hypocrisy,
Unto thy own eternal misery,
I shall accuse thee so in that great day,
Thou shalt not have one word young man to say
They

The dreadful Nature of a guilty Conscience 69

Thy inward parts so open'd then shall be,
That nothing shall be hid i'th least from me ;
And I before the dreadful Judge shall show,
All secret things that ever you did do ;
And in your Face so fiercely also fly,
That you with Horrour shall be forc'd to cry,
Guilty, guilty, O Lord ! then you must hear
The dreadful Sentence which no one can bear ;
Go, go, ye Cursed ; that's a word of Ire,
And you must down into Eternal Fire,
Where Hypocrites and Uabelivers lye,
Broiling in pain to all Eternity.
And as the Fire evermore will burn,
And thou from thence shalt never more return,
So also I shall then afflict thy Soul,
Whilst thou in scalding Sulpher-flames dost roul
I like a Worm or Serpent then will bite,
And gnaw thy soul, thou cursed Hypocrite.
Those inward stings which always thou wilt find
Or cruel gnawings in thy tortur'd Mind,
Will then increase and aggravate thy Woe,
In such a sort there is no Tongue can show.
You then will think how you did me abuse,
And my good Counsel utterly refuse.
And how you labour'd to Put out my Light,
Who in God's Paths would lead your Feet aright
Your base Delays and Put offs, you'll repent,
And that your time so foolishly was spent :
That you to Love, which unto Lust you bore,
Should lose your Soul, and that for evermore.
To think how near you were unto Salvation,
Will prove another grievous Aggravation :

66 The dreadful Nature of a guilty Conscience.

To bid so fair for Heaven yet to miss,
What greater trouble can there be than this?
To see the Ship i'th mouth of haven lost,
That doth ye know, perplex the Merchants most
I'll tell you also how you wilfully
Brought on your self that dreadful misery;
And how I did oft-times to you declare
The bitter torments which you then must bear,
And what your *Pride & Lust* will bring you to,
If you did not resolve to let them go.
Ah! thou wilt see that thou art quite undone,
And how all hopts for evermore are gone.
Thoughts of those Golden Seasons once you had
And vainly lost, will then be very sad.
Thou might'st, had'st thou improv'd the means of
Beheld with Saints, God's reconciled face, (*Grace*)
And enter'd Paradice, where Angels sing,
Anthems of Joy, to the Eternal King.
Thou might'st have sung to him (*melodious Psalms*)
With those whose hands shall bear Triumphant
Who with Eternal Love shall ravish'd be (*Psalms*)
Reigning with Christ to all Eternity.
Heav'n is a place whose Glory doth excel,
The Thousandth part of it no Tongue can tell.
Man's Heart, *Truth* says, can't in the least conceive
What those shall have that truly do believe,
Who would loote Christ, & his immortal treasure
For one base lust, and moments time of pleasure?
But if what's said of Heav'n will not invite thee
Then let hell-torments with black vengeance fright
And make the yield to *Truth* without delay, (thee
Before God puts a Period to thy days.)

The dreadful nature of a guilty Conscience, 67

As Eye can neither see, nor Tongue express
The Glory which God's Saint's in Heav'n possess
So there's no Man which can conceive the woe
That Souls shut up in Hell do undergo.

If men could number all the Stars in Heaven,
Or count the dust with which the wind is driven
Or tell the drops of Water in the Seas,
Or count the Sands, than might a man with ease
Declare the Nature of that dreadful pain,
Which damned Souls for ever must sustain.

But Stars, nor Dust, nor Drops, nor Sands can be
Number'd by any One, neither can he
Express the Nature of God's dreadful Ire,
Which Souls lie under in Eternal Fire.

In Hell all's Darkness not one beam of Light,
What's greater Sorrow in Eternal Night?

In Hell all's Death, and yet there is no dying,
Nought there is heard but almost hedious crying
Their pains end not, from it there's no exemption,
Their cries admit no help, there's no redemption;
Nor none to pity them nor hear their Groans,
Whilst they do make their lamentable Moans.

The Lord who dy'd, will then rejoice to see
Vengeance pour'd forth upon those Soul's that be
Vessels of Wrath; who for rejecting Grace,
Must have their portion in that doleful Place.
No earthly Pain or torments can declare
The woful anguish which the damned bear:
For if those Plagues could be defin'd by Men,
Infinite Punishment 'twould not be then.
Infinite Wrath it is to satisfy,
And God before will Justice magnifie.

68 The dreadful Nature of a guilty Conscience.

Didst thou but hear the Groans and hideous cry
Of Souls condemned to Eternity,
How it would scare, and cause thy Heart to ach
And ev'ry Limb to tremble and to quake !
Think, think on this, before the time doth come
That God doth pass on thee thy final Doom.

Truth.

What say'st thou now? how canst thou sleep in
Until these inward Gripes of Conscience cease?
How can'st thou think i'th'least thy State is good
When Conscience swells, & makes so great a flood
Or raises storms and tempests in thy breast,
Because of Sin he will not let the rest.
Come, make a search, Conscience is not misled,
The very Truth before you he has spread.
What will you do at Death and Judgment day
If Conscience thus you slight and disobey?
Make Peace with God, for worse are his cries,
Than if Ten Thousand Witnesses arise
Against thy Soul 'twill be a dreadful thing,
To have thy Conscience then to bite and sting.

Youth.

Some comfort, *Truth*, alas ! my Soul doth melt ;
Such Gripes as these what Man has ever felt ?
I have some doubt my State is very nonght,
And that Conversion is not truly wrought.
My Heart condemns me, and doth me reprove,
'Tis thou alone which canst my Grief remove.

Truth.

Before you have a Plaster for your sore,
Your Wound must yet be search'd a little more.

If

The Young-man deeply wounded. 69

If slightly heal'd only for present ease,
The Remedy's as bad as the Disease. (ceive ?
Dost know what time thou didst this wound re-
'Tis worser far, I fear than you believe :
'Tis deep, it stinks; yea, and 'tis venomous,
And doth expose thee to God's dreadful Curse.
Thé sting or dart sticks in thy Liver sure;
Which doth thy smart and bitter pains procure.
Thy State is bad, thou hast thy mortal wound ;
No Limb or any part of thée is sound ;
If thou couldst live and never more offend,
Yet by the Law thy Soul is quite condemn'd.
If from all actual Sin you might be clear,
Yet by the Law you still most guilty are.
Of former Crimes, Treason and Fellony,
And Justice doth aloud for Vengeance cry ;
Nor will she Pardon or Reprieve give forth,
To any Sinner living on the Earth,
Against thee too the Sentence is forth gone,
And th' Day of Execution doth draw on ;
Nought is between thee and Eternal Death,
But some short Hours of uncertain Breath.
Sin is so vile, and Justice so severe,
That in the least 'twould not Christ Jesus spare
But Justice he must fully satisfy,
Who came to be Man's blest security.
And since in Christ thou hast no share nor part,
See what a Self-condemned Soul thou art.

Youth.

O cursed Sin ! is this my sad Condition ?
Truth, I believe, has made a right Decision,

go The Young-man dispaireth.

I have my Soul deceived all along,
Tho' in my Heart Convictions oft were strong.
Oh ! horrid Lust, and base deceitful Devil
Is this the fruit of your sweet pleasing Evil ;
And thou false World what art thou to me,
For I, alas, am ruined by thee,
O whither shall I fly ? what Path untrod,
For to escape th' incensed wrath of God ?
Will none for me some secret place provide,
Where I from flaming Vengeance close may

Truth. (hide.)

Vain is all this ; for none can find a place
To hide from God such is thy bitter case ;
If to the ends of all the Earth you fly,
Vengeance will you pursue with hue and Cry ;
If you should take a sudden hasty flight,
To seek some shelter in the shades of Night,
'Twould also fail thee, tho' it should be done ;
For unto God Darknes and Light is one,
Or if thou couldst some solid Rock espy,
To hide the from God's dreadful Majesty.
Can Rocks, dost think, prevent, yea, or restrain
The stroke of Justice and not fly in twain ?
There is no Sea, nor Shade, nor Rock, nor Cave,
Which can from Vengeance shelter thee or save
The Sea would part the hardned rock will split
Where Justice aims her fiery Darts must hit.
Canst thou escape ? alas ! what place is there
To hide from him who's present ev'ry where ?

Youth.

Oh Truth, what shall I do ? how can I stand,
Or bear those tortures of God's heavy Hand ?

My

The Young-man dispaireth.

71

My Spirit may Infirmities sustain,
But who can bear this inward cutting pain ?
Is there no help, no salve to heal my wound ?
What ! no Physician for me to be found ?
Will Tears nor Prayers no help at all afford,
Watchings, Fastings, nor hearing of the Word ?
Or if that I could live, and sin no more ;
O what is sin and what's my Gangrene sore ?
O what's the Nature of Iniquity,
If nought my soul can cleanse or purify ?
Rivers of Oyl, much Gold or Earthly Wealth,
Will not redeem my Soul nor purchase Health.
Ah ! I am lost the caule is truly so ;
I am undone, and know not what to do :
Have you no word of Comfort now for me ?
Oh ! must I Die in this Extremity ?

Truth.

Dost find thy self sick at the very Heart ? smart ?
And doth my Searching make thy Wounds to
Doth Sin as Sin upon thy Spirit lye ?
And doth its weight and burden make the cry ?
Dost know thy wound is Epidemical,
And that for thee there is no help at all,
By Law nor Levite ? dost thou see thy losse,
And thy own Righteousness to be but dross ?

Youth.

I know not what to say, I am in doubt,
Some Sin is hid, which yet I can't find out.
My heart is deep and very traiterous ;
Every Day I find it worse and worse.
I grieve for Sin, and yet I am in dread,
That I in Sin am greatly hardened.

Yet this, O Truth, I hope is wrought in me,
 Sin I do hate, as 'tis Iniquity.
 I would not Christ offend, nor grieve again;
 Were there no Hell, or place of future pain :
 O that e'er I against the Lord should sin,
 Who has to me so good and gracious been !
 Against the Lord, against the Lord alone,
 Have I this horrid Evil often done.
 Oh ! I do see that I in sin am dead,
 And my Iniquity's gone o're my Head,
 As a great burden which I cannot bear,
 Oh that I might but of a Saviour hear.
 All my own Righteousness I prize no more,
 Than stinking Refuse of a Common-shore.

Truth.

Come, Youth, cheer up if this be so indeed,
 I tell thee then Christ for thy Soul did bleed.
 Glad Tidings now I unto thee do bring,
 There's Mercy for thee in the Heav'ly King.
 Christ, to appease God's wrath did hither come
 And I am sent by him to call thee home.
 Rise up, rise up, his Blood for to apply,
 And thou shalt soon be healed perfectly.

Youth.

Ah ! could I but believe what thou dost say,
 Unto my Soul, 'twould be a joyful Day.
 Alas, on me a mighty burden lies,
 I cannot stir, nor power have to rise.
 Can Lazarus, who in the Grave doth lie,
 Deaths cruel Fetter and strong bands unty ?
 Can he awake ? what pow'r has he to strive
 When dead and stinks ? alas, he can't revive,

Although

Truth directeth the Young-man: 73

Although but four days dead : how then shall I,
Who have lain dead in mine Iniquity,
Ever since Adam, as it plain appears,
Which is indeed above Five Thousand years.
Jehovah which at first my Heart did make,
Must by his pow'r it into pieces take ;
That so he may create my Heart anew,
E're Good from Christ doth to my soul accrue,
'Tis he must give me pow'r to will and do,
And raise me up e're I can creep or go.

Truth.

Though that be true, yet hearken unto me,
And take thee Counsel which I'll give to thee ;
And thou shalt find, as suré as God's above,
He will thy Fears, and all thy Doubts remove,
And raise thee up out of the empty Pit,
And on a Rock also will set thy feet.
First thing of all, which to you I commend,
Besure you don't your Conscience more offend,
Do not grieve that but always take great care
In ev'ry thing to prove your self sincere,
He that in Morals walks not faithfully,
No marvel 'tis if Christ do pas; him by.
In every nation those accepted are,
Who walk uprightly, and the Lord do fear.
Those who do follow on to know the Lord,
He will to them his saving help afford.
I do exhort you in the second place,
For to attend upon all means of Grace,
Do not neglect to hear God's blessed word,
But prize each season, which the precious Lord

74 Truth directeth the Young-man.

Is pleas'd in Mercy on you to bestow,
For unto you thereby much good will flow,
My third Advice make use of speedily,
Lift up your Voice unto the Lord on high.
Pour forth your Soul to him both night and day
And you'll prevail though he at first say nay.
Though you at first may with repulses meet,
Your Soul yet prostrate at J E H O V H's feet
He's full of Bowels, long he cann't refrain,
E're he coms forth to ease you of your pain
Thy prayers and tears and spiritual contrition,
Will move his Heart to send thee a Physician ;
Who will apply a Plaister to thy Wound,
Which will hereafter ever make the sound.
Christ's Blood will heal, 'twill cleanse and purify
If now the same by Faith you do apply.
Such grief is thine, no Med'cine will do good,
Nor heal thy Soul, but thy dear Saviour's Blood
The good Samaritan will cast a look,
Though thou of Priest and Levite art forsook,
Into thy Wounds he'll put in Oyl and Wine,
The which will heal that bleeding Soul of thine
O cry to God, my Sister grace to send,
'Tis she at last will prove thy special Friend.
If God is pleased but to send her down,
Thy head with Glory she will straitway crown.
But here I'll advertise thee first of all,
Be sure you do for the right Sister call ;
For there are two, and both of one Sir-name,
The one is lovely Fair the other Lame,
The one is common the other chaste and pure,
And will be true to thee, thou may'st be sure.

The

Truth directeth the Young-man. 75

The one will dwell where Sin predominates,
The other loaths and bitterly it hates :
And make a thorow change where she doth dwell
And will all filth out of that heart expel ;
Where she doth take up her sure resting place,
Rare is the Nature of true saving Grace,
Thy stub born Will she'll make for to submit,
And thy Affections change as she thinks fit.
Thy Heart she can new mold, and make it soft,
And will bring down each *high* and *sinful thought*
The Old man she will into pieces tare,
She'll cut and kill, and nothing will she spare,
That's opposite unto the Prince of Light,
She'll put the Devil to a speedy flight ?
She'll make him leave his strongest hold, & run
And quite forsake his former Garison,
She'll take no pity on the Old man's Age,
She'll pay him off for all his Wrath and Rage,
And cursed Malice, Pride and ev'ry Sin,
Which of long time he has the Author been.
'Tis she can work upon the Covetous,
And change his heart to keep an open House :
To give and to distribute of his Store,
To th' cloathing and refreshing of the Poor:
'Tis she brings down the proud and lofty mind
Which nat'rally was to that Vice inclin'd.
Tis she can tame the wild strong-headed Youth,
And make the Liar always tell the Truth.
'Tis she which makes the Froward very Meek,
And the Revengful not Revenge to seek.
'Tis she which quenceth young-man's lustful fire
And make them to disdain that base desire.

'Tis,

79 *The Nature of special Grace:* 76

'Tis she will make thy Soul for to defy
 · Each *Dalilah*, and all Hypocrify.
 She's like to Oyl and Wine, and will give peace
 And inward Joy, which never more will cease,
 'Tis she must put Christ's blessed Robes on thee
 And bring thy Soul out of Captivity :
 'Tis she must thee adorn and beautify,
 And make the lovely in Christ Jesu's Eye.
 Oh ! she'll inflame thy Soul with precious Love
 To Christ alone, which none shall e'er remove.
 'Tis she which tyes that Conjugal blest knot,
 What cann't be broke or ever be forgot.
 'Tis she that makes Christ & the Saints but one,
 And makes them of his very flesh and bone.
 'Tis she will help thee in this time of need,
 Yea, a Disciple will make thee indeed.
 And this to thee I also must declare,
 Thou of this Grace shalt have a part and share,
 Since 'twas for thee thy precious Lord did die,
 He cann't thy Soul of Saving-Grace deny ;
 Give him no rest till more he doth give forth,
 For to compléat in thee the second Birth.
 Be earnest with him, strive to hold him fast,
 And thou like *Jacob*, wilt prevail at last.
 Though he at first may seem to stop his Ear,
 Yet Importunity will make him hear.
 Thy time, I'm sure, it is the time of Love,
 And thy deep wounds will make him from above,
 To pity thee and for to cast an Eye,
 As thou polluted in thy Blood dost lye ;
 What e're is needful to thee he will give,
 And raise thee up to Life, and make thee live.

Yea,

The Young-man's Prayer.

77

Yea, manifest to thee such Consolation,
As far to cloath thee with his own Salvation.
Come make a trial and do not despair,
Look up to Heav'n, Soul, thy help is there.

Youth.

Thy Counsel I resolve to take with speed,
If 'twas for me Christ on the Cross did bleed ;
I will send up a Sigh, a bitter Groan,
And earnestly implore his Gracious Throne.

Most holy God, who dwellest in the Light ;
Ah ! what am I before thee in thy sight ;
Wilt thou attend, or listen to my Cry ?
Thou know'st my Grief, and where my Pain doth lye,
Canst thou not ease my deeply wounded Soul,
Who in my Blood am forc'd to lye and roul ?
Is there no Balm in Gilead, is there none,
Into dark Silence then, Lord, I'll be gone.
Where are thy Bowels is thy mercy fled ?
Lord think upon the Blood Christ Jesus shed.
If thou can't heal my Soul of all its Grief,
Then let me Perish without all Relief.
Why were thy Sides so pierc'd ? Lord Jesus, why
Didst suffer for thine own Iniquity ;
There was no Sin, I'm sure, nor Guilt in thee,
That caus'd thy Pains, didst thou not die for me ?
Didst thou not Justice fully satisfy,
And pay the debt ? Must I in Prison lye,
When Restitutions made i' th' highest degree ?
Oh ! come and set my Soul at Liberty.
Knock off those Bolts and Chains, and bring me forth
Out of this Pit, deep Mire and Bands of Death.

Lord,

Lord, must I bleed? Did I not bleed before,
In thy sad Wounds? Can Justice Challenge more?
O shall my Heart-strings break? my Soul doth groan.
I languish, Lord, whilst thou stand'st looking o'er me.
Lord dost thou bear the Ravens when they cry?
And wilt thou not my wants supply?
Wilt thou the Door of Mercy ne'er unlock?
Lord open unto me, now I do knock.
O Son of David, help think on thy Word,
And unto me some Mercy, Lord afford.

Jesus.

What voice is this? who is't that makes this cry?
What sinful wretch is in extremity,
That thus implores for help and follows me?
That takes no nay, although I silent be.

Youth.

Ah Lord 'tis a dejected piece of Earth,
That is undone, and sighs for a new Birth.

Jesus.

Was I not only sent to Jacob's Race?
How com'st thou then to have so bold a Face
To importune me, when you know full well
You are not of the Stock of Israel?
Come are you not the cursed Gentile Seed?
Be gone from me, and further don't proceed.

Youth.

Ah! help dear Lord, and some Compassion
For to whom else or whither can I go, (show;

Jesus.

Is't meat that I should give to Dogs that Bread,
With which the Children should be nourished?

Youth.

loves to look I ab^d Youth. And to signe you

True Lord that I do grant, and ever shall
Yet may the Dog's eat up those Crumbs that fall
From thēre own Master's table : shō' a Whelp,
Look, look on me, O precious Saviour, help.

Jesus.

What ailest thou, poor Soul, what's thy condition
Which makes thee shed these Tears of sad con-
YOUTH. (trition)

My Grief, my Pain, and great Extremity,
Lord thou dost know, and all my wants dost see,
Ah ! I have sin'd, and am so vile and base,
I hate my self and loath my present case.
I am a lump of Filth, wholly unclean,
A viler Creature there has never been.
I languish, Lord, my Wounds they are not small,
And I have wounded thee, that's worst of all.

Jesus. (desire ?)

Come, cease thy Grief, what is't thou dost
My Soul doth melt, my Heart is set on fire.
My Bowels yearn, I longer cann't refrain
From Tears as well as thee I am in pain.
Thy Wounds afflict me, and thy bitter cry.
Doth pierce my Heart I know thy Misery.
What is it Soul ? speak forth thy mind to me,
What dost thou crave, or shall I do for thee ?
Come ope thy heart to me for I am nigh,
Thy suit to grant thy wants for to supply.

Youth.

'Tis not for Riches, nor for Pleasures here,
Nor honours, which by Men so prized are.

Nor

Nor length of Days, Lord do I seek or crave,
 'Tis something else my Soul doth long to have;
 The Earth's a *blast*, and all the World's a *bubble*,
 There's nothing in't can ease me of my trouble.
 Such is my State nought but thy hands can save
 'Tis thou must raise dead *Laz'rus* from the grave
 Knock of these Bolts, and set thy Pris'ner free,
 And give thy Grace, Lord Jesus unto me.
 My fainting Spirit comfort and refresh,
 O spare my Soul, but crucify the Flesh;
 Compleat thy Work, Lord Jesus, on my Heart,
 And thy own Righteousness to me impart.
 There's nought I see will do me any good,
 Save the dear merits of thy precious Blood.
 My bleeding Soul will faint away and die,
 If thou dost not thy Blood with speed apply.
 How hath my panting Breasts sent many a groan
 With bitter Tears up to thy gracious Throne,
 For one sweet look and aspect of thine Eye?
 There's nothing else that will me satisfy,
 Oh! manifest thy Love unto my Soul,
 For that will cure me and soon make me whole
 My gasping Soul's dissolving into Tears,
 Whilst pleas'd with hopes, and yet possest with
 My great Request, alas! is only this, (Fears.
 Come seal thy Love to me with a sweet Kiss,
 For nought there is on Earth, or Heav'n above,
 Which I esteem or value like thy Love.
 A Promise grant, some Word to lye upon,
 Before my Life and little Hopes are gone.
 My Souls afraid, and trembles thou dost see,
 Because I know that I unworthy be.

And

Ah ! I have made thee bleed, I am so vile ;
 Thy frowns I do deserve, but not one smile.
 How did I grieve and put thy soul in pain,
 The thoughts of which doth cut my heart in
 Thy messengers how did my soul refuse ? (twain.
 And poor Conscience wickedly abuse :
 Who did receive Commission from above,
 Either to clear or sharply to reprove.

I unto Truth oft-times turn'd a deaf Eare,
 And unto Satan rather did adhere.

I slighted thee, and sin I did embrace.

Which makes me blush to view thy heavenly
 If thou should'st pardon such a one as I, (face
 And save my soul to all Eternity,
 And me embrace in a contract of love,
 And all thy wrath for ever quite remove,
 It would be grace and love beyond degree,
 And such which never can expressed be.

Oh wilt thou speak again, dear Saviour do,
 A promise Lord, or I'll not let thee go.

Jesus. believe ?

What faith hast thou, poor soul canst thou
 And stedfastly by benefits receive ?
 Dost think that I have power, and an heart,
 To save, to help, to free thee from the smart ?

Youth.

My faith alas is weak, O send relief,
 Lord I believe, O help my unbelief,
 That precious Voice which lately I did hear,
 Will soon remove my doubts and all my fear
 If love as well as pity thou dost show,
 Twill give me joy, and take away my woe.

But thou may st, Lord my saul Commissterate
 And yet may it be in a dying State,
 Over Jerusalem thou didst lament,
 Who had no saving Grace for to repent.
 Is there in thee such Bowels of Compassion,
 As to bestow thy self and thy salvation,
 On such a Worm as I ; whose wounded breast
 Is heavy-loaded and would fane have rest ?
 O help dear Lord, my fainting soul will dye
 Without an answer from thee speedily.

Jesus.

Look upon me and my love descending
 'Tis from Eternity and has no ending.
 Canst thou have more my soul, thou hast my heart
 What e're is mine, to the I will impart.
 Thy scarlet sins are washed quite away,
 Not one of them unto thy Charge I'll lay.
 Pull up thy drooping heart, be of good chear
 Thy sins though ne're so great forgiven are,
 I able am to save to th' uttermost,
 All those who do put in me all their trust.
 Thole who do come to me I in no wise,
 Will cast them out therefore lift up thine eyes
 Behold my hands and feet, and do not doubt
 For I have wash'd and cleans'd thy soul thro'ou
 Thy debts I've paid and quitted the old score
 Thy former faults I'll ne'er remember more.
 Take up thy lodging in Eternal Love,
 What's here below thy treasure is above.
 Clear up poor heart, I tell thee thou art mine
 My blood was shed to save that soul of thine.

With

With endless joys thy soul I'll satisfy,
 And in my bosom ever shalt thou lye,
 In my enfolded arms I now thee take,
 And do engaged, I'll never thee forsake,
 In fire and in water I'll be near,
 And help thee thro' all grief and trouble here
 Yea, I'll be with thee always to the end,
 And death at last I'll cause to be thy friend ;
 And make its final passage unto thy,
 Only an entrance to felicity.
 And with great glory thou shall crowned be,
 And on the Throne sit always down with me
 The world, death, nor the devil shall remove,
 My heart from thee, for those I truly love,
 I love to th'end: Ah Soul, 'tis you shall be,
 In my own Arms to all Eternity

Youth.

Darkness is gone, day light begins to spring,
 Heav'n's melody I find's the sweetest thing.
 The sun is risen now, it's broken forth,
 And gloriously enlightens my dark Earth,
 My Soul is ravish'd with this joyful sight,
 Yea dissolv'd with love and true delight,
 My heart is melted with celestial fire.
 And has obtain'd at length its own desire.
 My frozen Soul must needs run down a main,
 Which such hot beams from Jesus doth obtain,
 The door is open'd Christ hath giv'n a knock,
 Has made it fly and has dissolv'd the Rock,
 My heart which was so hard, is made to yield,
 Christ has o'ercome me now and won the Field.

The War is ceas'd between the Lord and I,
A Peace is made to all Eternity,
What joy is this ! ah, tis beyond all measure,
There's nothing like to inward joy and pleasure
As was my burthen foul so was my rest,
O that was great and this cann't be express'd.
Once was I blind senseless bewitch'd, nay, mad
I thought in Christ no comfort to be had,
Religion was, I thought a foolish thing,
Which could no pleasure nor no profit bring.
I thought professors greatly were misled,
When I beheld what things they suffered,
But now I am convinc'd of my mistake,
For I my self could for Christ Jesus fake,
Any derision or affliction bear,
Such inward peace in him and joy is there :
What man would not all earthly glory slight,
For one small dram or taste of such delight ?
To have Christ's love and in his bosom lye,
Yields true content and sweet felicity.
O happy me, I live my soul involv'd,
In secret measures, sighs to be dissolv'd,
And be with Christ my home and resting place
For to enjoy and see him face to face.
And in the int'rim, Lord whilst here I stay,
I faithfully will do what thou dost say.
And help me Lord thy praise for to declare
Unto all precious children far and near,
O help me to lift up my voice on high,
Let joyful hallelujah's pierce the sky.
And echo back again resound on earth ;
Since thou hast wrought in me the second birth

; Let

Let me with the Cœlestial Angels sing,
And make thy praises round the world to ring.
Thou'st brought my soul out of the lowest pit,
And on the paths of *Sion* set my feet,
O let my tongue my heart and life make known
The favour Lord which thou to me hast shown
Let not remainders of the flesh disturb,
My precious peace that's new, O do thou curb,
Yea kill and crucify each evil thought,
With vengeance let those rebels down be brought
And let me on the earth live all my days,
Unto thy Glory and transcendant praise.
And then great God when those short days are o're,
With Seraphims, i'll sing for evermore.

Truth.

What melody and triumph do I hear ?
Whose voice is this that soundeth in mine ear ?
What *Eagle-ey'd* soul's this that soars on high,
That with swift wings aloft doth mount & fly,
And in Eternal love seems to lye down,
Adorn'd with *Grace*, and ravish'd with the *Crown*
Of inward peace that taketh up its rest,
At Jesus Christ's sweet satisfying breast,
And breaketh forth in raptures cann't express
As he would do his humble thankfulness ?

Youth.

'Tis I blest *Truth*, the conquest now is won,
Grace has Prevail'd I am the conquer'd one.
My grief is turn'd to joy, yea and my night,
Is also chang'd into Eternal Light,
Thy power is Great when Grace doth work with thee
Ye soon do then obtain the Victory.

86 *The Young-man Converted.*

Blest be the day that ever thou wast sent,
To change my heart and move me to repent.
Dear Love to thee, O Truth I shall retain,
So long as I upon the earth remain,
I'll keep the close, and hide thee in my heart.
For thou more precious than rich Jewels art.
I'll lose my All before I'll part with thee,
So much I love and prize thy Company.
Though Satan stirs up foes never so cruel,
Devils nor men shall rob me of this Jewel.
I am resolv'd a thousand deaths to dye,
Before I will God's blessed Truth deny,
Though of deceivers there's a multitude,
Yet none of them shall my poor soul delude.
Tho' they do me reproach flight and contemn,
I by experience can refute all them. (are
Who say thy words nought but dead Letters
Which men may burn and into pieces tare ;
The outside of the Book they only see,
Who thus do speak reproachfully of thee,
For did they but the inward power know,
They'd never speak as often-times they do.
But soon they would God's holy word extol,
Above that light which they cry up in all,
The light which *Conscience* unto me doth give,
I'll always own so long as I do live.
For had we not God's word to light our hearts,
The heathen who do live in foreign parts,
Who never heard of Christ might understand,
As much as any do in this our land,
Alas ! we should have been unto this day,
In all respects as ignorant as they.

But

But I
Atten
To he
Conce
Let m
For st
Over
How

Con
The c
How
Hast
Reme
And l

I a
Acco
And
My t
O Sir
His f
Grac

That
My t
He's
He's
I do
All
He h
Will
Tha

But I'll forbear because I must wth speed,
Attend upon God's Truth with care and heed,
To hear what he will say, O Truth wilt thou,
Concerning me put forth thy judgment now?
Let me intreat thee prove me thoroughly,
For still I do retain a jealousy,
Over my heart because I now have seen,
How I deceived often-times have been.

Truth.

Conscience to thee I once more descend,
The controversy thou alone must end,
How is it with him now? What dost thou say?
Hast any thing unto his charge to lay?
Remember what I formerly have shown,
And let thy present thoughts with speed be known.

Conscience.

I always ready am, Judgment to give,
According to the light I do receive,
And never was more free than now am I,
My thoughts shew; your suit I can't deny,
O Sir the case is chang'd, I am his friend,
His sweet condition I must needs commend,
Grace has subdu'd corruption in his heart,
That he's made clean and wash'd in ev'ry part;
My testimony you may have for truth,
He's now become a very humble youth,
He's truly godly, faithful and sincere,
I do for him and shall my witness bear,
All kind of evil doth his soul defy,
He hates above all things hypocrisy,
Will and affections too are changed quite,
That in the Lord alone is his delight;

There's no command of Christ, not any one,
 That he's convinced of, but he has done,
 He faithfully also the Lord obeys,
 Without Excuses, put off or delays,
 He grieveth most for sins that secrets are,
 Which unto man doth not i'th least appear,
 He's more in substance than he is in show,
 When high'ſt in joy, his heart is very low,
 All his own righteousness he doth disown,
 And does rely on Jesus Christ alone,
 Christ is become so precious in his sight,
 He's first with him i'th morn and then at night
 He willingly has taken up the Cross,
 He doth account what ever is but Dross,
 He parts with it most freely Christ to gain,
 Since he has found Earth's best enjoyment vain,
 Christ he exalts as King, i'th highest degree,
 And gives each Office its Dignity.
 Christ has in me set up his blessed Throne.
 And over me no other King he'll own,
 Christ must alone in me the Scepter sway,
 And he will die before he will give way,
 Christ's right and sov'reignty, in his dear soul,
 He is resolv'd to suffer no controul,
 In things alone which to me appertain,
 For fear thereby Christ's Glory he should stain.

Truth.

Oh ! happy young-man blessed from above,
 Blessed with Grace, and ravish'd with the love,
 Of thy eternal Lord in whose sweet breast,
 Thou now dost lye, and evermore shalt rest.

The

Thy honour's lasting, now it cann't decay,
Thy treasure's sure none can it steal away,
Thy pleasures are beyond thought or conceit,
And thy rare beauty is without deceit.
Thy strength, thy wisdom, nor thy youth shall
Nor canst thou die, thou art immortal made. (fade,
Eternal Life is given unto thee,
And thou shalt reign to all eternity.

Vicitus.

There's none on earth, that's able to express
The inward peace this young man doth possess,
Whilst to his joy he clearly doth espy,
This blessed concord and rare harmony,
Conscience and *Truth* most sweetly do agree,
He's free from Bondage and Captivity,
Christ's spirit doth with *Conscience* witness bear
He's born of God, and is become an heir,
(With his dear Saviour) of Eternal bliss ;
What consolation can their be than this ?
But whilst thus fill'd with Joy and true delight,
The Devils fall on him with all their might,
With strong assaults his faith for to destroy,
Which much abates and mitigates his joy,
Which in some measure may to you appear,
By what immediately doth follow here.

Devil. (is mine

Hark, hark, thou cursed Wretch, vengeance
And I'll repay it on that soul of thine,
In dreadful wrath I will contend with thee,
If thou will not again submit to me.
Will not my shining Glory thee invite,
Nor all my hellish fiend thy soul entitle,

To

To leave those cursed ways in which you go ?
 Then I'll some way contrive your overthrow,
 Though out of your dominions I am beat,
 And forced am at present to retreat,
 Yet I'll return like to a Lion strong,
 And break thy bones in pieces e'ret belong,

Youth.

Father of lies dost think I dread thy frown ?
 'Tis past thy skill to throw my Glory down;
 Thy head is broke thou art a beaten foe,
 And chained up, alas ! thou canst not do,
 According to thy wrath and cursed spight,
 Christ's power's mine, who stronger is in might
 Me he'll not leave though tempted am by thee,
 Yet he knows how to help and succour me,
 What matter is't although thou art enrag'd,
 When the great power of heaven is engag'd,
 To side with me always and take my part,
 Tho' thou a Lion and a Serpent art,
 Yet may'st as soon the Lord my God o'ercome,
 As to produce and work my final doom,
 So long as I do for his glory stand,
 And am obedient to his best command.

Devil.

But I have so much craft and subtility,
 That I can make the Lord thine Enemy ;
 Tho' thou dost think he is become thy friend,
 I'll by temptation move thee to offend.
 Him e'ret belong, and soon you will espy,
 In's anger you he'll cast off utterly,
 And then I'll rend and tare thee as I list,
 And you shall have no power to resist.

Youth

YOUTH.

God has bestow'd on me his special Grace,
 That I abhor the thoughts of giving place,
 To thee O *Satan*, though thou dost intice,
 God will preserve my soul from deadly vice,
 But if through weakness him I should offend,
 In bowels he'll to me his pardon send,
 Christ is my advocate, God will pass by,
 All sins of weakness and infirmity,
 Although he use the rod, his precious love,
 I'm sure from me he never will remove.

DEVIL.

Your hopes will fall, alas, black clouds will hide
 Your glorious sun your steps will quickly slide;
 Your morning's bright but soon will overcast,
 And all your joys will not one moment last,
 Tho' *Truth* doth now thy present state command
 Yet you will find the proverb true in th' end,
That the young Saint will an old Devil be,
 You'll die and perish in Apostacy.

YOUTH.

'Cause thou hast lost thy former happy state,
 With malice thou stirr'st up thy bitter hate.
 Against my soul thou shew'st thy bitter spite,
 But thy vile teeth are broke thou canst not bite
 Thou dost on me cast forth an envious frown,
 Because thou hast for ever lost thy Crown,
 Because thy morning's turned into night,
 Dost think thou shalt my soul amaze and fright
 With such insnaring thoughts I thee defy,
 Nothing can break that blessed band and tie.

OR

On covenant with Christ, with me he has made,
 My standing's firm, my crown can never fade.
 He that has in my soul his work begun,
 Will finish it I'm sure e're he has done,
 There's ne'er a Lamb or Sheep of his dear fold,
 But he will keep, he has of them such hold.
 That in the midst of danger they shall stand.
 And none shall pluck them out of his strong hand
 Tho' mountains shall depart and hills remove,
 Yet Christ will never change in his dear love.
 Nor cause his covenant of lasting Peace,
 To be remov'd, or sweet mercy cease,
 And Truth and Conscience jointly do agree,
 That the new Birth is truly wrought in me.
Tb' immortal seed I'm sure must needs bring forth
 A Babe immortal, and my heav'nly Birth,
 Doth show to all, and clearly signify,
 I cannot perish in apostacy.
 The head and members of one nature are,
 Or else Christ's body a strange monster were,
 As sure as he's in heav'n, so shall I be,
 And reign with him to all Eternity.

Devil.

My words I see no place at all can find,
 Within the centre of thy evil Mind.
 I'll leave thee therefore with my dreadful curse
 Which is as bad as hell, nay, it is worse.
 Than all the plagues of the infernal lake,
 And let those who love me vengeance take
 Upon so vile a Wretch, and though I do,
 Forsake thee now within a day or two;

I'll

I'll come again, and will thy Soul torment,
Till thou of thy Repentance shalt repent.

Youth.

O Lord, I praise thee for that glorious power
Which helps my soul in such a needful hour,
Of strong assaults from the vile wicked one,
Thou help'st me to resist him and he's gone.
Therefore dear God, be pleased to inflame
My heart with Grace to magnify thy name ?
And when he comes again, O then be near,
And let thy truth also for me appear,
Tho I am young and weak, I shall thereby
Not fear th' assault of any Enemy.
Come, speak, O *Truth* wilt thou be on my side,
'Tis in thy strength, I very much confide,
Though I am feeble thou art rightly strong,
And whilst for me there's none can do me

Truth (*wrong*)

I will dear soul support thee hear on earth,
And save thee from the rage of hell and death.
I will assist thee by a mighty arm,
And keep the day and night from hurt & harm.
And with my glitt'ring sword cut down & slay
All cursed Enemies who thee gain-say.

Grace.

If Truth would fail, I will thy wants supply,
Thou need'st not doubt of my sufficiency ;
Light I will be in darkness, joy in grief,
And when in trouble great I'll bring Relief.
If thou wilt always on my arm rely,
The Devil will with speed be forc'd to fly.

Never-

94 Conscience supports Youth,

Never on me did any Soul depend,
But they obtain'd deliverance in the end,
I'll help thy soul through all its christian strife,
And bring thee safe so everlasting life.

Conscience.

I'll be the third that will lend thee an hand,
We'll all combine to make a trible band,
A three fold Cord, cann't easily broken be,
I'll be a friend in thine adversity,
There's not a foe on earth thou need'st to fear,
So long as I for thee my witness bear.
That thou in truth dost walk before the Lord,
And that thy way doth with his word accord ;
The evil foe shall be ashamed quite,
Whilst faithfully thou walk'st up to the light,
And Satan never can get any ground,
Whilst I declare my tears are truly found,
Chear up poor soul, I'll feast thee constantly,
And plead for thee before the enemy,
My sweetest Wine also I'll keep to th' end,
At death I will thy soul with that be-friend,
God's word that is thy ground in ev'ry thing,
His glory is thy aim, from thence doth spring,
All service that thou dost towards the Lord,
His spirit therefore to thee he'll afford,
That doth bear witness for thee so do I,
And will also when that thou com'st to die.

The

The Young-Man's Experiencing Conversion truly
wrought in his soul, and that he is delivered from
the Power of the Tempter; breaks forth into these
following Hymns of Prayer and Praises to God.

A Mystick Hymn of Praise.

MY Soul mounts up with Eagles Wings,
And unto thee dear Lord she sings.

Since thou art on my side,
My Enemies are forc'd to fly,
As soon as they do thee espy,

Thy Name be Glorify'd.

Thou makest rich by making poor,
By Poverty add'st to my store,
Such Grace dost thou provide.

Thou wound'st as well as thou mak'st whole,
And heal'st by wounding of the Soul.

Thy Name be Glorify'd.

Thou mak'st men blind by giving Sight,
Thou turn'st their darkness into light,
These things can't be deny'd.

Thou cloath'st the Soul by making bare,
Thou givest Food when none is there,

Thy Name be Glorify'd.

Thou killest by making alive.
Dying dost the soul revive,

Which none can do beside.

Thou dost raise up by pulling down,
And by abasing thou dost crown,

Thy Name be Glorify'd.

By making bitter thou mak'st sweet,
Thou mak'st each crooked thing to meet,

I'th' Soul when thou hast try'd,

The Fruitless tree thou mak'st to grow,
The green Tree thou dost overthow,

Thy Name be Glorify'd.

The Conquered the Conquest gains,
By being beat the Field obtains,

Which

Which makes me therefore cry,
 Lord whilst I live upon the Earth
 Since thou hast wrought the second Birth,
 Thy Name be Glorify'd.
 Thou mak'st men wise by coming. Fools,
 By emptying thou fill'st their souls,
 Such Grace dost thou provide,
 By making weary thou giv'st rest,
 That whilch seems worst proves for the best,
 Thy Name be Glorify'd.
 Thou art far off and also near,
 And not confin'd, but every where;
 And on the Clouds dost ride,
 O ! thou art Love and also Light,
 There's uone can go out of thy light :
 Thy Name be Glorify'd.
 Lord thou art great and also good,
 And sitt'st upon the mighty flood,
 By whom all hearts are try'd :
 Though thou art Three, and art but One,
 And Comprehended art of none ;
 Thy Name be Glorify'd.

The excellency of Peace of Conscience.

MY Conscience is become my Friend,
 And chearfully doth speak to me,
 And I will to his motions bend,
 Though that I shoud reproached be :
 I matter not who doth revile,
 Since Conscience in my face doth smile.
 My Conscience now doth give me rest,
 My Burden's gone my soul is free ;
 Again I would not be oppres'd.
 In the old Bands of Misery.
 For Kingdoms nor for Crowns of Gold,
 Nor any thng that can be told,
 My Conscience doth with precious Food,
 Keep my poor Soul continuallly ;
 In Dainties also are so good,
 All sinfull sweets I do defy,

Hymns and Spiritual Songs.

59

This Banquet's lasting, 'twill supply
My wants, and me until I dye.
My Conscience doth me cheerful make,
When I am much possest with Grief,
And when I suffer for its sake,
'twill yield me joy and sweet Relief ;
Though troubles rise and much increase,
I in my Conscience shall have Peace.
When others to the Mountains fly,
and some amaz'd do tremble stand,
A place of shelter there have I,
and Conscience will lend me his hand,
To lock me in his Chambers fast,
Till the Indignation's over-past.
At death and in the Judgment day,
what would men give for such a friend ?
All those which do him disobey,
they will repent, i'm sure, i'th' end,
When such are forc'd to howl and cry,
My soul shall sing continually.

An Hymn upon the Six Principles of Christ's Doctrine.

Repentance is wrought in my Soul,
and Faith for to believe ;
Whereby on Jesus I do roul,
and truly him receive.
As my dread Lord and Sovereign,
him always to obey.
And in things over me to Reign,
and govern Night and Day.
Christ's Baptism is very sweet.
with laying on of Hands,
My Soul is brought to Jesus Feet,
in owning his Commands.
Those Ordinances Men oppose,
and count as carnal things,
I have cloas'd with, and told to those,
From them rare comfort springs.
My precious Lord I must obey,
though Men reproach me still,

G

191

I'll do whatever Christ doth say,
and yield unto his Will,
On Christ alone I do rely,
Though Men judge otherwise ;
Because I cann't God's Truth deny,
I am reproach'd with Lyes.
Let them deride yet for Christ's sake,
resolved now am I,
In his own strength the Cross to take,
yea, and for him to dye.
Before I'll ever turn my back,
on him whom I do love,
For I do know I shall not lack,
his presence from above,
For he has promis'd to the end,
to me he will be near,
And be to me a faithful Friend,
which makes me not to fear,
Whatever Men or Devils do,
in secret place design,
He soon can them quite overthrow,
and help this soul of mine.
The Resurrection of the Dead,
I constantly mainiaian,
When all those which lye buried,
shall rise to Life again.
And that the Judgment day will come,
when Christ upon the Throne,
Shall pass a Black eternal Doom.
upon each wicked one.
But all the Saints then joyfully
with Bowels he'll embrace,
And Crowns to all eternity,
upon their heads he'll place,
And in the Kingdom shall they reign,
prepared long before,
And also shall with Christ remain,
in bliss for evermore.

THE Sun doth now begin to shine,
and breaketh forth yet more and more,
Meer darkness was that light of mine,
Which I commended heretofore,
I was involved in my sin,
Had day without but Night within ;
My former days I did Compare,
unto the sweet and lovely Spring,
I thought that time it was as rare,
as when the chirping Birds do sing,
But I was blind I now do see,
There was no spirit nor light in me.
My Spring it was the Winter time,
yet like the midst of cold December,
The Sun was gone out of my Clime,
and also I do now remember,
My heart was cold as any Stone,
My Leaves were off and sap was gone,
God is a Sun, a shield also,
the Glory of the World is He,
True Light alone from him doth flow,
and he has now enlightned me,
The Sun doth his sweet Beams display,
Like to the dawning of the day.
How precious is't to see the Sun,
when in the Morning it doth rise,
And shineth in our Horrison,
to th' clearing of the cloudy Skies,
The misty Fogs by his strong Light,
Are vanish'd quite out of our Sight,
Thus doth the Lord in my poor Heart,
by his strong Beams and Glorious Rays,
The light from Darkness clearly part,
and make in me rare shining days.
Though Fogs appear and Clouds do rise,
He doth expel them from mine eyes.
Were there no glorious Lamp above,
what dark Confusion would there be,

If God should quite the Sun remove,
how would the Seamen do to steer ?
My Soul's the world & Christ the Sun,
If she shines not I am undone.

In Winter things hang down their head,
until Sol's Beams do them revive ;
So I in sin lay buried ?

till Jesus Christ made me alive,
Alas, my heart was Ice and Snow ;
Till Sun did shine, and Winds did blow,
Until warm Gales of heavenly Wind
did sweetly blow and sun did dart,
Its light in me I could not find
no heat within my inward part :

Then blow thou wind & shine thou sun
to make my soul a lively one.

In nat'ral men there is a light ;
which for their sins do them reprove,
And yet are they but in the Night,
and not renewed from above ;
The Moon is given (it is clear)

To guide men who in darkness are,
The Sun for brightness doth exceed
the Stars of Heaven or the Moon,

Of them there is but little need,
when Sun doth shine towards high noon
Just so the Gospel doth excel
The law God gave to Israel.

All those who do the Gospel slight,
and rather have a legal Guide,
The Sun's not risen in their sight,
and therefore 'tis that they deride
Those who commend the Gospel Sun,
Above the light in ev'ry one.

Degrees of light they do perceive,
some of them weak and others strong.
That which is saving, none receive,
but those who unto Christ belong.

Yet

Yet doth each light serve for the end,
For which to man God did it send.

LE T not the Sun Eclipsed be,
nor any dark cloud interpose
Between thy self (dear Christ) and me,
who art that blessed Sharon's Rose ;
O let thy Face upon me shine,
Since thou by choice hast made me thine
Always let me walk in thy light
till Grace doth me with Clory Crown,
Turn not my Morning into Night,
nor ever let my Sun go down,
O let thy Face upon me shine,
Since by dear purchase I am thine.

Let not thick Fogs, O Lord, arise,
from the gross lumps of this dark Earth,
To th' hiding of the glorious Skies,
the thought of that's as bad as death,
O let thy Face upon me shine,
Since by adoption I am thine.

Lord let my morning be more bright,
and my Sun-shine to th' perfect day,
And let mine eyes have stronger sight,
That I behold its Glory may,
O let thy Face upon me shine;
Since God by Gift has made me thine.

Lord shine and make my Heart more soft,
and temper it the Seal to take ;
Make it according as it ought.

Lord do it for thy own names sake ;
O let thy Face upon me shine,
Since by sweet contract I am thine,
The light of thy dear Countenance,

it is the thing I only prize,
Let not therefore my ignorance
darken the light of my dim Eyes.

O let thy Face upon me shine,
Since I by Faith am wholly thine.

O be my strength, my light, my guide,
always until I come to die;
And from thy Paths ne'er let me slide,
but light me to Eternity.

O let thy Face upon me shine,
For I my self to thee resign,
There's many, Lord, who daily cry,
Oh ! who will shew us any good?

'Tis in thy self, Lord, it doth lye,
although by few 'tis understood.

O let thy Face upon me shine,
For I by Conquest now am thine.

Lord in the Light I thee enjoy,
And with thy saints communion have,
No Devil can that Soul destroy,
whom thou intendest for to save.

O let thy Face upon me shine,
For I can say that thou art mine.

Let not the Sun only appear,
For to enlightned my dark heart ;
But to poor souls both far and near,
the self same glory, Lord impart,

O let thy Face upon me shine,
As it doth now dear, Lord, on mine.

Let light and glory so break forth,
and darkness fly and quite be gone,
That all thy Saints upon the Earth,
may in the truth bejoyn'd in one.

O let thy face so brightly shine,
As to discover who are thine.

Let Grace and Knowledge now abound,
and the bleſſ'd Gospel shine so clear,

That it Rome's Harlot may confound,
and Popish darkness quite cashier,

O let thy face on Sion shine,
But plague those cursed foes of thine.

Let France, dark Spain and Italy,
Thy light and glory, Lord, behold ;

To each adjacent Country,
do thou the Gospel plain unfold ;

O let thy Face upon them shine,
That all these Nations may be thine.
Let Christendom new Christned be.
And unto thee O let them turn,
And be baptiz'd, O Christ by thee,
with the spirit of the Holy One,
O let thy Face upon it shine,
That Christendom may all be thine!
And carry on thy Glorious Work,
victoriously in ev'ry land;
Let Tartars and the mighty Turk
subject themselves to thy Command;
O let thy Face upon them shine,
That those blind People may be thine.
And let thy brightness also go
To Asia, and to Africa;
Let Egypt and Assyria too,
submit unto thy blessed Law,
O let thy Face upon them shine,
That those dark Regions may be thine.
Nay, precious God, let light extend
to China, and East India?
To thee let all the People bend
who live in wild America.
O let thy bleffed Gospel shine,
That the blind Heathens may be thine.
Send forth thy light like to the Moon,
most swift, Lord, O let them fly,
From Cancer unto Capricorn;
and that all dark Nations may espy,
Thy glorious Face on them to shine,
And they in Christ for to be thine.
The fulness of the Gentles Lord,
bring in with speed, O let them fear
Thy Name in Truth with one accord,
live they far off, or live t hey near;
O let thy Face upon them shine,
And let us know, Lord, who are thine.

And also the glorious News
of thy salvation, yield Relief
Unto the sad distressed Jews,
who hardened are in unbelief,
O let thy Face upon them shine,
For Abraham's sake, that Friend of thine.
O don't forget poor Israel,
But let thy light and glorious Rays,
Cause their rare beauty to excel,
beyond what twas in former days ;
O cause thy Face sweetly to shine,
That Jews and Gentiles may be thine.
O let all Kingdoms now with speed,
and all the Nations under Heaven,
From all gros darknes now be freed,
and Power to thy Saints be given.
That they in Glory, Lord, may shine,
According to that word of thine.

An APPENDIX.

Containing a Dialogue between an Old Apostate, and a Young Professor.

Apostate.

HOW many straits and crosses have I met,
Since I my self to seek for Canaan set.
Red Seas and Wildernesses lye between ;
Why venture I for what I ne'er have seen ?
Why can I not where I am now remain,
Or to my old Delights turn back again ?
My head has been perplext with cares and fears
Since to these Preachers I inclin'd my Ears.
They were but Fancies that disturb my Mind,
I sought for something which I could not find,
Ah ! would to God in Egypt I'd remaind,
For there's no Canaan likely to begain'd.

Conscience

Conscience be silent, don't disturb me more,
Upon such things I will no longer pore :
For back to Egypt I will now retire,
Where I shall have things to my Hearts desire.

Devil.

Pursue thy purpose, thou shalt understand,
What e'er I have shall be at thy command.
My Kingdom's large this World is wholly mine,
Bow down to me, and all shall then be thine.
Behold the Bags of Gold which thou shalt have,
Honours on Earth, Riches and Pleasures brave,
When others forc'd in Prisons are to lye,
Thou shalt enjoy thy precious liberty.
When Kings and Princes do upon thee frown ;
Thou shalt be held in Honour and Renown.
Thou hast much Goods laid up for many Years,
And long shalt live free from all Cares and Fears.
Thy Seed establish'd too shall be on Earth,
And thou shalt spend thy days in joy and mirth,
Thoughts of Religion utterly disdain,
Nor think of God, or Jesus Christ again.
Phanatick Fables never more regard,
The Pains of Hell of which thou oft hast heard,
Are nought but Fictions of their crafty Head,
With fear of nothing are they frightned.
That mad-man like they trample under Feet,
Those lovely joys which wise men find most sweet.
Religion's nought but a devised thing,
Which up at first some crafty head did bring,
To awe the Minds of Fools who wanting wit,
Take that for Gold, that's a meer counterfeit.
The truth of Scriptures thou hast need to doubt,
For divers places thou may'st soon find out,
Which inconsistent to each other be,
Of what it speaks there is no certainty.
Conclude in truth, there is no God at all,
Why should'st thou be so foolish as to call

On

On him, whom thou didst never see or know,
 Unless it's thus, because that most do so ;
 Let melancholly fancies now, therefore,
 Ne'er vex thy mind, nor grieve thee any more.
 Enjoy thy self on Earth, and heap up Gold,
 No good like that, which Purse and Bags do hold.
 Come Eat and Drink to morrow thou must dye,
 And after that there's no Eternity,
 As some suppose, for thou i'th' Grave shall rot,
 And as the Beast be utterly forgot ;
 But since you know it is reproach to them,
 Who will Relig on utterly contemn ;
 Thou may'st Religious also seem to be,
 For their is none that's very fit for thee,
 No worship on the earth doth suit so well
 With flesh and blood, or doth for eas: excel ;
 Or with man's Int'rest doth so well agree,
 Like what's maintain'd in famous Italy ;
 That that's the worship which for thee I pick,
 I'm not against thy turning Catholick.
 If there's a Heaven of this thou need'st not doubt,
 An easier way for thee I cann't find out.
 The ways so broad, whole nations walk therein.
 And persons of all sorts, no let is sin. (sounds,
 Wert thou at Rome, thoud'st hear melodious
 Sweet joys and mirth on every side abounds ;
 Fine Boys and Men, ravishing notes to sing,
 Whilst Organs play in Consort and Bells ring ;
 In that brave way thoul't have the liberty,
 To do such things as others do deny.
 Thou may'st be mad, carouze and domineer,
 Strict Roman Catholicks such things can bear curse,
 If thou dost swear, drink healths, yea, or wouldst
 There's few i'th' Church will like thee e'er thworse ;
 Or if thou should'st some curious Lady spy,
 Or view some pretty maid with wanton eye.
 To court or play thou need'st not fear at all,
 For all such things they Venial Sins do call,

And

And on
 Which
 If it fal
 Thou s
 There'
 A pres
 For a s
 A Pard
 His Ho
 Murde
 Nay,
 To Ki
 Who u
 Come
 With
 To op
 And n
 And th
 Come
 And a
 For th
 Some t
 And fi
 I've sh
 And d
 There
 Speak
 Belye
 Their
 Revile
 Shew
 There
 Of can
 To tu
 One t
 There
 Who
 That

And one great help and Remdy thou'l have,
Which from all grief and danger will thee save :
If it fall out by chance at any time,
Thou should'st commit some great & heinous crime
There's a strait-way, the blessed absolution,
A present help, and yet no superstition.
For a small sum of Money, soon is had
A Pardon for all sins though ne'er so bad,
His Holiness for a few shillings can
Murder and Perjury forgive to Man ;
Nay, unto thee can grant a Dispensation,
To Kill and Murder any in a Nation,
Who us and the Holy Church hate and oppose :
Come trouble not thy self, but straitway close(ven,
With this fam'd Church, to whom such power's gi-
To ope and shut, with ease the Gates of Heaven,
And make that sin to day, that ne'er was sin,
And that Lawful, which lawful ne'er hath been,
Come buy the Beads and Crucifix also,
And as the Church believes, believe thou too.
For this I hope to see e'er a few days,
Some thousands more cleaving to those old ways.
And since in kindness and affection dear,
I've shew'd thee how to be preferred here,
And do engage thy faithful friend to be,
There's sonie small thing I'd have thee do for me;
Speak evil of the way thou late wast in,
Belye them all, and charge them all with sin ;
Their faults lay ope, let none at all be hid,
Revile, reproach, and slander in my stead,
Shew how they differ, that they cann't agree,
There's little Love and want of Charity.
Of Canaan's Land raise thou an ill Report,
To turn them back, that are a going for't,
One thing at present I would have thee do,
There is a friend of mine which thou dost know,
Who hath a Son, which is indeed his Heir,
That to these foolish Notions doth adhere ;

108 *A Dialogue between an old Apostate*

If he should visit thee with speed do thou,
Treat with the peevish Youth, I'll teach thee how
To controvert the cause ; my place supply,
And do what I could not do formerly.
His forward zeal will do my Kingdom wrong,
Cause others also in that way do throng ;
And you shall also some derision bear,
Through his hot zeal if that you han't a care.

Vicinus.

The thoughts of which Satan darts in his mind,
He closeth with, and fully is inclin'd
His counsel for to take, what e'er become
Of his poor Soul at the great day of doom.
An Atheist he's become in heart and Life,
And hath abandon'd all his Christian Strife,
But since the Gentleman and he are met,
I will give way, and hearken how they treat
About this Youth, that has of late begun,
Resolvedly to Heaven for to run.
You'll hear how this Apostate will engage,
To turn him from his blessed Pilgrimage.

Apostate.

What my old Friend E. R. Sir, I am glad
To see you once again ; yet I am sad,
And grieved sore, to see you look so ill ;
What evil, Sir, I pray, has you beset ?
What is the cause of this your present Grief,
If I can give or help you to relief,
Or comfort you i'th' least, I willing am,
And shall rejoice, for which I hither came.

Gent.

Ah, Sir, my Son, my Heir, doth grieve my mind,
From whom I once more Comfort hop'd to find,
And I'm afraid he'll prove a plague to me,
Unless he can with speed Recover'd be.
He'll be a Preacher I do think e'er long,
He's such a Bookish Fool, and so Head-strong;

That

That I have little hopes he'll e'er be good,
Here's cause of Grief, if rightly understood !
He is become so vile an Heritick,
That Rome's good Church, and the true Catholick,
Most vilely he doth perceive he doth disdain,
And doth forsooth, tell me he's born again ;
I do beseech you, Sir, do what you can,
If you can't change his mind, there's not a Man,
I think in truth, that ever will prevail ;
O arm your self therefore and him assail :
You were deceived your self some time ago,
And therefore now more able art to show
The Vanity of these devised ways,
And Bookish Fables of these silly days ;
Having the Scripture in our Mother-tongue.
Has been the ruin of us all along ;
For since men did our Holy Church forsake,
And up new notions for Religion take,
Nought but Confusion in the World we see,
And otherwise, in truth, 'twill never be,
Until their Books i'th' Fire all do burn,
And they unto the ancient Church do turn.

Apostate.

I am good Sir, of that opinion too,
And sorry am to hear what now you do
Relate to me and will also in truth,
Do what I can to turn that silly Youth,
For I can shew and make him understand,
The danger that attends on ev'ry hand,
The hopes of unseen things will him deceive,
A Faith's but a meer fancy ; I believe
That's the chief good which Man doth here enjoy,
And that's the evil which doth him annoy,
Or doth deprive him of his joy and bliss,
None but Phanaticks will deny me this,
Who boast of that they never did possess ;
They lie, alas, and are (in truth) no less

Than

Than frantic Fools for I could never see,
Of what they speak there is no certainty.
I will endeavour therefore out of Love,
Your Son from these Delusions to remove:
And since I do perceive he's near at hand,
I'll take my leave.

Your Servant to command.

The PROLOGUE.

Attend, kind Friend, read with a serious Eye,
And thou a sharp Conflict shalt soon espy,
Between a Man quite void of Godly fear,
And a dear Youth, most holy and sincere,
The one affirms all Godliness is vain,
The other counts it for the greatest Gain,
Mark thou the end of both, and thou shalt see,
What's best to chuse, Grace or Iniquity.

Apostate. (come?)
Well met, good Sir, from whence pray did you
Professor.

I am a Stranger and am travelling home.

Apostate. Can you a Stranger in this Country be.
Professor.

Yes, as were all our Fathers formerly.

Apostate. But from whence came ye? Let's confer together.
Professor.

From Egypt Sir, [*Apostate.*] I am trav'ling thither.
What is your Busineis Sir, that thus in pain,
You strive against the Wind with might and main.
E're farther you do go, sit down, account.
See whether That you run for will surmount
The Labour great and Los's you will sustain,
Before the Prize in truth you do obtain,

What

What Place is it to which you think to go,
That to advise you I may fully know.
For good Instruction to you I'll afford.
When I this thing from you have plainly heard.

Professor.

I am for *Canaan* that most holy land ;
I'll travel thither as God doth command.
And tho' all things I loose e're I come there,
'Twill all my Losses I am sure repair.
The Worth of that therefore for which I run,
I did account before I first begun.

Apostate.

Know you of certain the Place is so rare,
You may mistake for you were never there.

Professor.

Ah, Sir, of it I have a glorious Sight,
Which doth my Soul transcendantly delight,
Although in Person there I ne'er have been,
Yet I most plain sweet *Canaan* oft have seen.
Besides I lately spoke with a dear Friend,
Who did the other Day from thence descend,
And unto me its Glory he did show,
Its precious Worth from him I came to know,
Some of his Fruits also to me he gave,
Which makes makes me long till I possession have.

Apostate.

Is't not the Fancy of thy crazy Head ?
I have likewise of such a *Canaan* read,
It may be so, or so it may not be,
It ne'er seem'd real truly unto me,
Who would for things which so uncertain are,
Such Losses suffer and such Labour bear ;
A Bird i'th' hand's worth two i'th' Bush you know.
This Zeal, poor Lad, will work thy overthrow.

Professor.

You vainly talk and live by Sight and Sense,
I walk by Faith which is my Evidence.

Of

112 *A Dialogue between an Old Apostate*

Of things not seen here with an outward Eye,
What thou seest not I clearly do espy,
'Tis not the Fancy of a crazy brain,
For Moses, that its Glory he might gain,
All Egypt's treasures quickly did forego,
Was that the way unto his overthrow?
No, no, dear Sir, he saw it was the way
To Peace and Honour in another day,
True Peace of Conscience, that through Grace I have
Which passeth all men's knowledge to conceive,
I would not be depriv'd of it again,
If that I might ten thousand Worlds obtain.

Apostate.

Tush, silly Fool, kick Conscience quite away
Ne'er mind his motions, nor what he doth say.
I stifled him and that a good while since,
And took Revenge for his proud Insolence.
His gasping groans I no ways did regard,
But let my heart against him grow so hard,
That now I can without the least controul,
Have any Pleasures that delight my soul.

Professor.

Ah, Sir, go on, if that's the choice you make,
I never will such cursed counsel take;
Whoever doth his Conscience so abuse,
Doth his dear Maker in like manner use,
And though in you poor Conscience now lies slain,
I'th' Judgment-day he will revive again;
And then against you his sad witness bear,
And in your Face most gaſtfully will stare,
You'll have the worst at laſt, I grieve to ſee
You hardn'd thus in your iniquity.

Apostate.

My ſorrows gone, but thine, alas, will double,
Concerning me, thy ſelf do thou not trouble:
The ſtorms and bluſt'ring winds are overpaſt,
And very ſafe I am arriv'd at laſt.

In the same Port where Princes do delight,
 For to repose and harbour Day and Night ;
 I have been toss'd upon the boist'rous seas,
 And till of late, ne'er could find rest or ease ;
 But now I'm safely landed, and with good
 Shall satisfy'd be, whilst thou'rt toss i' th' Flood.
 You shall poor Youth with dreadful storms be hurl'd
 Whilst I shall find a very quiet World.
 All thy best Days are gone, and plung'd thou'l be
 Into sad Gulphs of woful Misery ;
 Unless thou dost recant and stop thy course.
 You'll see things will with thee go worse and worse
 Those Fools who do their nicer Conscience mind,
 E'er long they shall but little Comfort find.

Professor.

Sir, Storms and Tempests do, I know, attend
 Those that resolve poor Conscience to befriend ;
 Paul's portion 'twas, who from his very Youth
 Aad kept good Conscience and obey'd the Truth.
 He met with blust'ring Winds, was toss'd about,
 Yet did he bear for Canaan most Devout ;
 Till he at last the glorious Voyage made,
 Getting the Crown which ne'er away shall fade.
 All those that sail'd this way, have all along
 Met with great Opposition, and much Wrong,
 From Pirates, Robbers, and Usurpers, who
 Contrived have the Righteous to undo ;
 This terrifies me not, because that I
 Know'tis the way to true Felicity.
 The Gold and precious things the Merchant gains,
 Do quit his cost, and recompence his paine.
 So hopes of Joys which so celestial are,
 Makes me no labour, nor no cost to spare.
 You are for present things I farther see,
 You are for Earth, but Heaven is for me.
 You are for Pleasures, and for Bags of Gold,
 I am for that which Moses did behold.

You are for ease whatever it doth cost,
 And honours here, though soul for it be lost.
 Who makes the wisest choice let him declare,
 Let death and judgment shew who wise men are.
 My purpose I'll pursue what e'er I meet,
 My portions great, my peace no counterfeit.
 Heaven's my port, there's such a place I'm sure,
 Nought shall entice me, or my soul allure.
 To lose my hold, I'll keep firm in my station,
 Though in my way I meet with tribulation;
 Yet I most safe shall there at last arrive,
 Not men nor Devils me ever shall deprive
 My soul of that eternal dwelling place,
 Such confidence I have obtain'd thro' Grace.

Ap'larce

If I should grant things which so doubtful are,
 That there's a Canaan or a Heaven where
 Sweet joys abound beyond what's here below;
 Yet hard it is for any man to know,
 The ready way unto that seeming place,
 Consider thi , Oh, 'tis a weighty case.
 For there so many ways and voices be,
 How thou shouldst find the right, I do not see ;
 Thou art a stranger too thou saidst, be plain,
 Come, come, young-man, turn with me back again

Professor.

No thing, dear Sir, more certain is than this,
 That there's a Heaven, or Eternal Bliss,
 The Heathens could by Nature light espy,
 Man's chiefest good or best Felicity.
 Must needs excel the best enjoyments here,
 And shall this doubtful unto those appear,
 Who hath Gods works most dreadfully made known
 Yea, and his word, which very few or none,
 Who live in any land the like have had,
 Shall such turn Athiests? this is very sad,
 Is not Jehovah every where made known,
 By fearful judgments which are daily shewn?

In

He came from thence himself the other day,
And gave directions how to find the way;
This writing's firm, 'tis signed with his blood,
That the old Dragon with his mighty flood
Of Superstiton and persecuting Fire,
Could it not spoil, nor gain his curs'd desire.
The holy Scriptures God to us hath given.
To guide our Souls in the right way to Heaven.
Though Satan has made opposition strong,
Yet still we have it in our mother-tongue.
And by this means most plain I come to know,
The very footsteps where the flock doth go.

Apostate

Thou you of Scripture seem to make your boast
Your hopes of this will suddenly be lost.
For you arent like the Scriptures long to have,
Your Souls and others thus for to deceive,
For Holy Church, once more will quite destroy
This English God which they seem to enjoy.
Thou art unlearn'd. the Scriptures dost not know,
But wrestest them unto thy overthrow.

Professor.

They are unlearn'd whom God hath never taught
But have in popish darkness up been brought
They are unlearn'd who never had the Spirit,
Who think they can by works salvation merit:
They are unlearn'd who foolishly deny
The Spirits teaching and Authority,
For to excell all human arts and Science,
And on mans teaching wholly have reliance,
They are unlearn'd or very poorly read,
Who teach Christ Jesus is a piece of Bread.
Which Rats and Mice may eat, and vomit up,
And do deny the Laity the Cup
For those fer whom Christ did his body break,
He of the Cup did bid them all partake.
They are unlearn'd, who think that Purgatory
Can be ought else but a meer feigned story.

They are unlearn'd whose Doctrine doth declare
The Church doth on his Shoulders two Heads bear,
That Woman which hath any Husband more,
Than only one, is a notorious Whore.
That Man's unlearn'd, who never learned hath
The A, B, C, of the true Christian Faith.
I grant that Man is wholly yet unlearn'd,
Who never knew himself, nor yet discern'd
The cursed Nature of his heinous Sin.
Nor what estate by Nature he is in.
That Man's unlearn'd who never went to School
Of Christ to learn, how to become a Fool :
He is unlearn'd, yea, and a very Sot,
Who hath his Soul and Jesus Christ forgot ;
And doth esteem Earth's empty Vanity,
Above that good which Saints in God espy.
I am unlearn'd, and yet have learned how
To crucify the Flesh, yea, and to bow
To Jesus Christ, and for his precious sake,
His Yoke and Burden willingly to take,
And follow him where-ever he doth go,
And him alone Determine for to know.
Who for my sake upon the Cross did dye,
And to extol him, as he's Priest and King.
And as my Prophet too in ev'ry thing.
Some things I must confess I ne'er could learn,
Nor any ways perceive, see, or discern.
I never read of Peter's triple Crown,
Nor that he ever wore a Popish Gown.
I never learn'd that he did Pope become,
Or rule o'er Kings like to the Beast at Rome.
I never learn'd that he kept Concubines,
Or ever power had to pardon sins.
I never learn'd he granted Dispensations,
To poyson Kings, or Rulers of those Nations,
Who were prophane or turned Hereticks,
Or did refuse the Faith of Catholicks.

and a young Professor.

I never learn'd he was the Church's Head,
Or did forbid the Clergy for to Wed.
I never Read that he had Chests of Gold ;
Or that great Benefits by him were Sold.
I never Read he's call'd *Hu Holiness*,
Yet had as much as any Pope, I guess.
I never learn'd, Peter did magnifie
Himself above all Gods, or *GOD* on high :
Or that upon the Necks of Kings he trod ;
Or ever he in Cloth of Gold was clad.
I never Read that he made Laws to burn
Such as were Hereticks, and would not turn
To Jesus Christ ; much less to Murder those
Who did in Truth Idolatry oppose.
I never learn'd, nor could I to this Day,
That Pope and Peter walk'd both in one way.
Yea, or that they in any thing accord,
Save only in Denying of the Lord.
Peter Deny'd him yet did Love him Dear ;
The Pope Denies him and doth Hatred bear
To him, and to all those that do him Love ;
Who bear his Image and are from above.
Peter Deny'd him and did Weep amain ;
The Pope Denies him with the great'st Disdain.
Peter Deny'd him, yet for him did Dye ;
The Pope in Malice him doth Crucify.
Peter Deny'd him Thrice, and then Repented ;
The Pope a Thousand times, but ne'er Relented.
Peter and John no mighty Scholars were,
Yet few for Knowledge might with them compare.
Poor Fishermen do find the way to Heaven,
When Scholars go astray who Arts have seven.
The Learned School-men put our Lord to Death,
And very few of such Christ called hath.
But poor Despised Persons he doth call,
And passeth by the high-flown Cardinal.
For Human Learning, and such kind of Preaching,
Is nothing to the blessed Spirit's Teaching.

I learned like and grant that men may use it;
Yet would I not have them for to abuse it.

Apophate.

Leave off these canting strains and don't deride
Our holy Father, for I can't abide.
To hear such prating fools. Are you so wise?
Dare you the holy Mother Church despise?
'Tis a Religion I like best of all,
The Pope I do adore, and Cardinal.
There's Pomp and Riches and a worldly Glory,
What you talk of, is an unpleasant story.
There's pleasure, profit, safety and much ease,
Which doth the flesh as well as Spirit please,
Here's Heaven and Earth what canst thou more de-
Or of thy God or any man require? (fire
Thy way thou'st left, and Canaan wilt not see,
With speed therefore turn back again with me.

Professor.

Could I no other reason give or urge,
To prove Rome's Church untrue, I can't but judge
That which you speak doth plainly it declare,
For in Christ's Church, no such vain pomps appear?
No worldly glory doth Christ's Church adorn,
For she afflicted, much despis'd and torn.
Her beauty can't with outward eyes be seen,
Her beauty and her glory are within.
When John set forth the Antichristian state,
Much outward Pomp, 'tis true he d^th relate;
The Whore is deck'd with Gold, brave Stone and Pearl,
Who at poor Zion doth with envy snarl
No Liberty to the flesh the Lord doth give,
Saints must alone after the Spirit live.
No serving God and Mammon, Sir, 'tis plain,
You must to Hell except you're born again.
If you'll be Christ's with speed then turn you must,
And crucifie the Flesh with all its lust.
All those who do God's Holy word contemn,
No light nor truth is there at all in them.

Theirs

Their feet on the dark mountains soon will fall,
And utter Ruin will o'ertake them all,
I do not fear nor have I any doubt,
But I shall find this blessed Canaan ought.
To turn to Egypt with you back again,
The thoughts of it my soul doth much disdain.
Dost think I'll leave my Quails and Manna rare,
For stinking Garlick and base Onions there?

Apostate.

For all your Courage, Sir I do suppose,
You will repent that ever yon have chose
To leave the comforts of a precious World,
And with fond zeal thus blindly to be hurl'd.
You are a man that might advanced be,
Unto great Honour state and Dignity.
Your Father's Master of a good Estate,,
You are also his Heir I hear of late,
If you do not this new Religion leave,
One Groat of him you are not like to have,

Professor.

This World in a just Ballance oft I try,
And find it lighter far than vanity.
Riches alas! are only Bags of Cares,
Honours are nought save foul bewitching snares,
Your outward Joy will turned be to sadness,
Your Pleasure into pain, your Wisdom madness.
You catch at nothing, 'tis at best a bubble,
Which long you cannot keep although you double
Your diligence and think to hold it fast,
'Twill fly with speed, 'tis but an empty blast.
What frantick fit is this? will you destroy
Your higher hopes for such a fanned joy?
This world's a ftrumpet like of whom I've read,
Who with sweet Fumes enticeth to her bed.
With Amorous Glances promises a Bliss,
And hides Destruction with a feigned kiss.
She hugs the Soul she hates, yea, and does prove,
A very Judas where she feigns to love.

Take heed therefore, lest you be catch'd i'th snare
 And buy your late Repentance much too dear.
 The Comforts here which you do precious call,
 Each wise Man sees, are vain and flitting all ;
 To think I should repent, no cause is there,
 If things by you consider'd rightly were.
 What Moses chose of old, the same do I,
 All vain Allurements I do quite defy.
 I knew when first my Journey I did take,
 I must my Father's House learn to forsake.
 In Abra'm's steps I am resolv'd to go,
 Whatever I expos'd am unto.
 I seek no honour here from any one,
 Dear Sir, true Honour comes from God alone.
 An Heir to be unto some great Estate,
 Or Son unto some earthly Potentate,
 Is nought to what by Grace I'm born unto,
 My Portion great I know not how to show ;
 I'm Heir unto that mighty King of Heaven,
 E're long to me sweet Canaan will be given.
 I do resolve to hold out to the end,
 Although I ha'nt one Groat, or earthly Friend,
 To favour me ; I never will return,
 Until this glorious Canaan I have won.

Apostate.

What Ground have you my Friend for to believe
 If you forsake all things, shall you receive
 This Land you speak of for your own possession,
 Unto your heart 'tis good to put this Question ;
 For many unto great things do lay claim
 Yet sonie oft-times I see, and sure I am,
 Unto such Lands can no good Title show,
 Altho they strive for them, as you may do.
 If you should sell whate'er you have for this,
 And yet at last should also of it miss,
 You'll see yourself at length then quite undone ;
 Consider of it, and back with me turn.

For

For no good Title of it can be had,
Twas this, alas ! which once did make me sad.
To save my own I thought 'twas best for me,
Unless of this I could assured be.

Professor.

Don't think you shall my Zeal for Heaven cool,
Nor my dear Soul with Fancies thus befooled.
Rouse up my Soul now in thy own defence,
And shew thy clear, thy precious Evidence.
Can any thing be plainer here on Earth,
For me 'twas purchas'd by Christ Jesus's Death,
The Father doth his Kingdom own, and he
For his own Child hath late adopted me ;
And if a Child, I also am his Heir,
And shall with Jesus the like Glory share.

Apostate.

How do you know you be his Child ? in this
You may mistake, and so may Canaan miss.

Professor.

My late Conversion doth most ~~mainly~~ prove
My inward Birth is truly from ~~above~~.
The Truth and Conscience both agree in one,
I am thro' Grace, no Bastard, but a Son.
Besides all this, since I did first believe,
An Earnest of this Land I did receive ;
And divers Promises also there be
Which bind it firmly over unto me.
Is not my Title unto Heaven good,
When sign'd and sealed to me by Christ's Blood ?
You see by these I have a certain ground
And good Assurance for God's Kingdom found.
But you, as it appears, do quite despair,
Without all hopes of ever coming there.

Apostate.

Nay, stay a little, don't affirm that neither,
Why may not I, as soon as you get thither.
Tho' in that way, in which I late did walk,
I was deceiv'd with many other folk.

And

And thought that Heaven was entail'd to those,
 Who did the Pope and Church of Rome oppose.
 Thinking a man a leperate must be
 From the same Church or else could never see,
 Find or enjoy Felicity or Rest,
 And therefore I like others did protest,
 Against that ancient Mother Church whom now,
 I am resolv'd to own, yea, and to bow
 Down unto Her with all humble subjection,
 Thinking it best for safety and Protection ;
 Resolving never more to vex my mind,
 As I have done, for I shall sooner find,
 In this smooth way assurance for salvation,
 Than if I had kept in my former station.
 Hopes I may have, no certain grounds I know,
 The Church affirms he can attain unto ;
 But promises most clear are made to those,
 Who seek for the old way, and with it close.
 And that Rome's Church can plead antiquity,
 No Protestant I'm sure can it deny.
 Yea and must grant what ever their profession,
 That none but Rome can prove their true succession
 From those brave *Churches* which first planted were.
 By the Apostles as their acts declare.
 And therefore youth, you must no longer boast
 Of Faith and confidence, for you have lost
 Your way to Heaven, and must therefore look
 Upon that Church which long hath been forsook.
 For though corruption in the Church there be,
 Yet all should walk in uniformity.

Professor.

Sir I deny your *Churches* constitution,
 Which makes me loath you, and for your pollution,
 Corruption and vile spots they are so bad,
 No *Church* of Christ the like hath ever had.
 Which I resolve fully to make appear,
 Before I leave you if you please to hear.

Apostate

Apostate,

Rome's Church was rightly gather'd that's mose
Saint Paul himself to this doth witness bear (clear
Faith and Repentance, truly did they own.
And were baptised in due form, 'tis known
No Church in Constitution right has been,
If that our Church doth fail the least herein.

Professor.

Rome's Church I grant was true i'th' Apostle's days
But your's from that doth differ many ways.
Rome's Church was very famous heretofore,
But is becom'd the Scarlet colour'd whore,
From the true Faith she hath departed quite,
And the true Church was forc'd to take her flight
Into the dark and howling wildernes,
Where she lay hid in sore and great destrels.
If Rome's Church now were like unto the Old,
Then with the Romanists we all would hold,
But when she is become Christ's Enemy,
God out of Babylon doth bid us fly,
If you can prove Rome's church hath not declin'd,
From that Church state by Paul himself defin'd,
You will then undertake for to do more,
Than any Papist ever did before.
God once the Jewish Church did own and love,
But for their sins he did it quite remove,
Out of their sight, they're broken for their sin,
With other Churches that have famous been,
And yet do keep some outward form or show,
Of worship and Church state as Rome may do,
Who has in truth nought else save a bare name,
As hath been clearly prov'd by men of Fame.
If you should bring your vibility
To prove your Chnrch is true, I do reply.
A better argument I need not bring,
To prove you false than that same very thing,
For the true Church being hid did not appear
A thousand two hundred and sixty year.

And

And then whereas you in the Second place
 Mention Antiquity ; 'tis a clear case,
 Your Church is under Age, 'tis much too Young,
 Out of th'Apostacy alas ! she sprung ;
 A bastard Church, base-born, meer notional,
 And therefore that's for you no Proof at all ;
 The fleshly Seed i'th' Church must not be brought
 John Baptist, and our Saviour both so taught.
 Christ's Church is gather'd by Regeneration,
 And not as 'twas i'th' former Dispensation.
 You in a lineal way do go about
 To take in those whom Jesus hath shut out.
 The Axe is now laid to th' Root o'th' Tree,
 And every one true Penitent must be ;
 And must obtain of God true saving Grace,
 Who in his Church would have a holy place.
 Your Church is not so gather'd ; therefore I
 Deny your Church and it's Antiquity :
 The Church which is upheld by th' Carnal Sword,
 And not by the true power of God's Word,
 Is very false. And that Rome's Church is so,
 Not a few worthy Authors plainly show.
 And whereas she much boasts of Holiness,
 No People in the World doubtless have less.
 For Rome like to a stinking common Shore,
 Receives what ev'ry one casts out o'th' Door.
 The Counsel which an antient Author gave,
 Let ev'ry Soul with special Care receive ;
 " He that would Holy live from Rome be packing,
 " There's all things else ; but Godliness is lacking.
 She also doth Doctrines of Devils hold,
 According as th' Apostles have fore-told ;
 In charging People to abstain from Meat,
 Which freely God alloweth us to Eat.
 And in denying Persons for to Wed,
 Tho' God admits the undefiled Bed.
 By means of these most cursed Prohibitions,
 Your Clergy stink alive with gross Pollutions.

And

And many of your filthy Popes of Rome
Have Sodomites and Buggerers become.
Whoredom and Incest they have minc'd so small,
As scarce to count them any sin at all.
Most cursed Stews allowed are by them,
Whom none i'th' Popedom dare i'th' least condemn
Vile Necromancers many of them were,
Haters of God, no sin in Truth is there.
But some of th' Popes of it have guilty been,
As may upon Record be daily seen.
Is this your holy Head, and rev'rend Father,
Next unto Christ supream ? Is he not rather,
A Devil incarnate, the worst of Mankind,
Who can in Hell a viler sinner find ?
Is Rome Christ's Church, his Spouse, his only Love
His undefiled One, his spotless Dove.
Sir, don't mistake, she is that scarlet Whore
Whom John Characterized heretofore.
Which I shall soon evince, and make appear,
If you with Patience will but lend an Ear.

Apostate.

I find you in Reproaches free enough,
But shall expect you so too in your Proof.
Those common Epithets of Beast and Whore,
Are daily flung at ev'ry Body's Door ;
But for to warrant your severer Doom,
Prove that they properly belong to Rome.

Professor.

That Truth God's holy Word doth well explain
That City which o'er Kings did use to reign,
Was the same Whore the Spirit clear doth show.
And that Rome was that City, all Men know ;
Who then above all others bore the sway ?
'Twas Rome the Nations fear'd, and did obey.
And still you Papists to her Bishops give
Headship o'er all who on the Earth do live.
Before him Kings and Emp'rors must submit,
So that he may a mighty Monarch sit.

126 *A Dialogue between an old Apostate*

From whence all persons may conclude it true,
By their first mark, the Title is his due.

The second Character of Babilon,
Is Pomp and State, wherein is proudly shwon,
That Rome has been a rich, gay, costly Whore,
England once found, I wish she may no more,
Infinite Sunis she almost squeez'd from hence,
For Pardon. Obijts, Annatees, Peter-Pence
And through each land where she her Triumphs led
Whole swarms of Locusts, *Priests and Fryers were spread*
These, as the Janizaries to the Turk,

Were faithful Slaves still to promote h's work;
Whilst to maintain those drones she swept away,
The Fat and wealth of nations for their Prey,
In the third place, she doth mens souls enslave.

This mark in Rome most evident we have,
With dangerous vows and unwarrented Traditions
Implicit Faith, and a thousand Superstitions.

Pretended Tiracles, apparent Lies,
Damnable Errors and fond Fopperies.

She clogs the Conscience, and to make all well;
Boasts all her dictates are infallible.

And then, to fill her measure i'th' last place,
'Tis said she would Gods precious Zion race.
This can of none but Rome be understood,
That drunken whore who reels in Martyrs blood;
As I more largely now shall make appear,
And then, with patience your excuses hear.

Within the compas of six hundred years,
Has been presented to the Eyes and Ears
Of future ages the most sad contents
Of bloody Tragedies and dire events
Of dreadful War in several generations,
The Overthrow of many fruitful Nations.

Jerusalem that City of Renown.

Sack'd by Vespasion, Burnt and Broken down.

It was indeed a dreadful desolation,
And so have Conquerors dealt with many a Nation.

All

All Conquerors ever found a time to cease,
When once they conquer'd then they were at peace
They murder'd not, but such as would not yield,
To own them for their Lord, and in the field,
They slew them too with Weapons in their hand,
For their defence, and always ready stand,
To give quarter to those who it demand.
But this vile Strumpets Blood bedabled hands.
Find not a period never countermands,
Her cruel Rage, her Murders know no end,
She slaughters when she pity doth pretend.
In times of peace her treacherous hands have shed,
Blood without measure ; she hath murdered
By cursed Massacres her neighbours, when
They thought themselves the most secure of men.
One might fill Volumes with her bloody Story,
In which she still persists and makes her glory,
To invent strange torments to deprive the Breath,
Of Christians by a tedious lingring death :
The Brutish Nero first of Tyrant Kings,
From whose base root nine other Tyrants springs,
Whose most inhuman acts not to their Glory,
Did leave the world a lamentable story.
And to their lasting and eternal shame,
Did purchase to themselves that hateful name.
Of bloody Monsters in the shape of men.
Whose cruel deeds, deserve an Iron Pen,
That might perpetuate to after times.
These Heathens Cruelty : Record the Crimes,
For which those Christians willingly laid down,
Their earthly houses for an heavenly Crown.
Reflect a while Sir, and but cast an eye,
First on those Heathen Emperors crnelty,
Then view the bloody Papists and compare
Their Cruelties together, and as far,
As Egypt's darkness did exceed our Light,
Or Midnighc differs from the morning bright.

So far the Papists Cruelty does exceed
 The worst of heathen Tyrants, and indeed
 The worst of Tyrants since the World began,
 Or since Dissention fell 'twixt Man and Man.
 If Cyprian and Eusebius Words be true,
 Yearly these persecuting Emp'rors slew
 Millions of Souls, shedding their guiltless Blood,
 Which ran like Waters from a mighty Flood.
 So void their Hearts were of all humane Pity,
 Old Age they spar'd not, Sex, nor Town, nor City.
 The things wherein these Christians did offend,
 Were only these; They did refuse to bend
 Their Heav'n-devoted Knees, or fall before
 Those Idol-gods those Emp'rors did adore.
 One God they did believe created all;
 They did believe in Christ, and down did fall
 Prostrate upon the Earth, and daily bring
 Sacrifice only to that heavenly King.
 Their Emp'rors gods these Christians did deride,
 This was the cause so many Millions dy'd.
 These Emperors thinking themselves ingag'd
 Their Idols to revenge, grew more inrag'd,
 To see the Christians boldly to despise,
 Their gods, and Honour Christ before their Eyes.
 We thus may plainly see a Reason why
 These heathen Emp'rors us'd such Cruelty.
 'Twas not because they worship'd not aright,
 But worship'd not at all; but did despite
 Unto those Idols which they gods did call,
 Affirming that they were no Gods at all.
 An act not to be born by Flesh and Blood,
 To have the Edicts of their Gods withstand.
 Yet in the midst of all those Tyrants Rage,
 Serious Advice a little would assuage
 Their hellish Fury, and would some time cease,
 And give the Christians a breathing space:
 And when as those Ten Emp'rors ceas'd to be,
 Then terminated all their Cruelty.

Three hundred Years accomplisht their fiery wrath,
And then the Heathens own'd the Christian Faith,
And now their Emp'rors do as much adore
The God of Heav'n and Earth, as they before
Had done their Idols, and Zealous for the church
Give great Donations, make their Bishops Rich,
And now proud *Rome* since *Constantine* the great.
Thou by Degrees hast taken up thy Seat ;
Puſt up with Riches, *swollen* with filthy pride,
From God's pure Laws hast quickly turn'd *aside*,
As God doth hate and utterly refuse,
And now such Bishops only doſt thou chuse,
Proud, ſensual void of the Holy Spirit,
Such as the Lord, hath ſaid ſhall not inherit
Eternal Glory, ſuch thy Bishops be,
Who ſhould be fill'd with Truth and Purity,
Shining like Light before the Flock, that they
The better may discern the perfect way.
But now instead of ſuch as theſe behold,
They are *presumptuous* proud, imperious, bold,
Changing the worship that the Lord made known
And in its stead, will introduce their own.
Yea, ſo presumptuous are they in their Pride,
As to affirm God's Holy Word's no Guide,
For Men to walk by, the only Rule that they
Do counſel them nay force them to obey,
Is their traditions they affirm to be -
Far more Authentick than our Lord's Decree.
Which in his holy Word he hath us given
For a ſure Light to guide our Steps to Heaven,
And now theſe Christians whose most tender *Hearts*
Dares not believe them fearing to depart
From God's Directions which in his *bless'd* Word
He hath ſo plainly left upon Record.
These are the Men the wicked Strumpet hath
So often made the objects of her Wrath ;
Oh, let the blood drunk Earth ne'er cease to cry
Unto the Heaven enthroned Majesty.

Till God takes Vengeance as he did on *Cain*,
 For all the righteous *Abel's* he hath slain ;
 Not for denying, but honouring the Lord,
 Yea, for believeing that his sacred Word,
 Is the most perfect and truest Guide,
 The Rule by which all Doctrines shall be try'd,
 Our blessed Lord bids search them, for faith he,
 They are the Words that testify of me.
 Lo here's the Cause behold the reason why
 The *Whore* has acted so much Cruelty.
 Inhuman Murders doth this *Whore* invent,
 Whereby she daily slays the innocent.
 The numbers she hath Murder'd doth surmount
 The strictest of Arithmeticks account.
 What Country hath not tasted of the Cup,
 That her most bloody hands hath filled up ?
 Where Millions have been brought unto the Dust
 Only to satisfie this Strumpet's Lust ;
 That she the better might engross the Power
 Of Hell into her Hands and so devour,
 At her blood-thirsty Pleasure such as she,
 Could not persuade to love Idolatry.
 Perfidious *France*, whose most inhuman wrath,
 Passing the Limits of a Christian Faith ;
 Within the space of Eight and twenty Days,
 Thy bloody Hand most treacherously betrays,
 Ten thousand Souls and to that bloody score,
 Adds quickly after twenty thousand more,
 How many Murders more that Popish Nation,
 Have done the Roman Hist'ries make Relation ;
 And yet from Cruelty *Rome* has not ceas'd,
 But as her Years her Murders has increas'd,
 And swoln to bigger Numbers in less space,
 As *Bellarmino* affirmeth to her Face ;
 Who thus attests that from the Morning Light,
 Until the sable Curtains of the Night.
 Were closely drawn her bloody hands did slay,
 An hundred thousand Souls ; O let that Day,

In Characters of Blood recorded be,
That may remain unto Eternity.

O let the Earth that drinketh in the Rain,
That did receive the Blood of all the slain ;
Let both the Heavens and the Earth implore,
The God of Heaven to confound the Whore.

O poor Bohemia thou hast had a taste,
When wicked Julian laid thy Country waste ;
Burning thy Towns and Villages with Fire,
Sparing not young nor old, nor Son nor Sire.
Thou found'st the wolfish Popes in ev'ry Age,
Contrive thy Ruin, many times engage.

Thy Neighbours Nations to shed forth thy Blood
Only because faithful Bohemia stood ;
For God's pure Church, *Martin* the sixth excites,
Emperors, Kings, Dukes, Barons, Earls, and Knights,
With one consent to fall upon the Nation,
On no less terms than on their own Salvation,
Promising all upon that Condition,
To give a full and absolute Remission,
Unto the vilest Sinner that e'er stood,
Upon the Earth, that would but shed the Blood,
Only of one *Bohemian*, O Rage,
Not to be parell'd in any Age.

Except that Monster who did sore Rebuke,
The over Charitable Popish Duke,
Of *De Alva*, and would you know his Crime ?
It was because that he in six years time,
With too much lenity caus'd not the earth,
More Christian's blood to drink than issu'd forth
From *Eighteen thousand Souls* ; for this the Duke,
Was thought by Papists worthy of Rebuke:
Is eighteen thousand in six Years so few,
In the account of your blood thirsty Crew,
Inhumanly to murder ? yea, indeed,
Because their former numbers did exceed :
But if the Duke of *Alva's* bloody Bill,
Came short in numbers, yet his hand did fill,

It up with torments dreadful to rehearfe,
As that the very thoughts thereof would pierce,
A marble heart, make infidels relent,
Torments that none but Devils could invent.
But if all this was over little still,
His Predecessors added to the Bill :
For from the time that Hellish inquisition,
Did from the Devil first receive Commission,
As well approved History doth relate,
Till thirty years expired had their date,
By cruel torments which they still retain,
One Hundred fifty thousand there was slain.
And yet before they took away their breath,
They for some time did make each day a death,
Depriving them as far as in them lay,
Of all the Joys that either Night or day
Affords Mankind, for them there was not found
So much Sun-light as to uphold the Ground,
In hellish darkness thus they made them spend
Their weary Hours, and kindly in the end
Destroyed them, the Company they had,
Within those darksome Caverns was their sad
And melancholly thoughts, their sighs & groans,
Their doleful Lodgings were upon the Stones.
If noisome Creatures bred and foister'd there ;
Those very Creatures their Companions were.
What Food they eat was only to secure,
Their Souls alive, so that they might endure
The many torments that they did provide,
And so One hundred fifty thousand dy'd,
Besides what fell by persecuting hands,
Within the Pope's Confines in sev'ral Lands,
Thus may I sooner spend my strength and tears,
And tire, (if you regard) your Eyes and Ears,
Than give a full and absolute Relation,
Of all the Acts of *Rome's* Abomination.
Oh ! may my native Country rather hear
Their bloody Acts, than in the least part bear

Her

Her burthen or behold her murthering Hand,
Once more spread through the Confines of our
But I perceive these truths are dully heard. (land
And that you little my discourse regard.

Apostate.

Yes, yes, I hear and smile, what Tragedies
You make of lawful just Severities.
The Martyrs you applaud were Rebels too,
And still against Authority would go ;
If then they suffer'd, pray who is to blame ?

Professor.

Already I have shwon that to their shame,
And I would have my Country-men to take
Another taste, that may perhaps awake,
Their drowsy Souls who take a dying Nap,
Much like deluded Sampson on the Lap.
Of lustful Dalilah, whose treacherous breath,
Sends forth the Messenger of Sampson's death.
Let not the Strumpet's Sugred Words persuade
You to give credit to her, that's her trade
Like wicked Cain first of that sinful Race,
Who slew his Brother, smiling in his Face.
From the first time that e'er the hellish Rage
Of Jesuits appeared on the Stage.
To act their parts in England, France and Spain.
And Italy her bloody hands hath slain.
Nine hundred thousand Souls, or thereabout,
E're many Years had run their hours out
Of the Americans, by Popish Spain,
In Fifty Years was fifteen Millions slain.
The poor Religious Waldenses, whose Eye,
Like the quick sighted Vulture doth espy
Rome's filthy Whoredoms, readily to disclaim
Her vile Idolatry and hate the same : Cup
Drunk dreadful draughts of Rome's most bloody
Which was with Hell-bred Fury poured up.
And for no other cause, her bloody Hands
She stretch'd abroad with hell in raged bands,

It up with torments dreadful to rehearse,
As that the very thoughts thereof would pierce,
A marble heart, make infidels relent,
Tornaents that none but Devils could invent.
But if all this was over little still,
His Predecessors added to the Bill :
For from the time that Hellish inquisition,
Did from the Devil first receive Commission,
As well approved History doth relate,
Till thirty years expired had their date,
By cruel torments which they still retain,
One Hundred fifty thousand there was slain.
And yet before they took away their breath,
They for some time did make each day a death,
Depriving them as far as in them lay,
Of all the Joys that either Night or day
Affords Mankind, for them there was not found
So much Sun-light as to uphold the Ground,
In hellish darkness thus they made them spend
Their weary Hours, and kindly in the end
Destroyed them, the Company they had,
Within those darksome Caverns was their sad
And melancholly thoughts, their sighs & groans,
Their doleful Lodgings were upon the Stones.
If noisome Creatures bred and foister'd there ;
Those very Creatures their Companions were.
What Food they eat was only to secure,
Their Souls alive, so that they might endure
The many torments that they did provide,
And so One hundred fifty thousand dy'd,
Besides what fell by persecuting hands,
Within the Pope's Confines in sev'ral Lands,
Thus may I sooner spend my strength and tears,
And tire, (if you regard) your Eyes and Ears,
Than give a full and absolute Relation,
Of all the Acts of *Rome's* Abomination.
Oh ! may my native Country rather hear
Their bloody Acts, than in the least part bear

Her

Her burthen or behold her murthering Hand,
Once more spread through the Confines of our
But I perceive these truths are dully heard. (land
And that you little my discourse regard.

Apostate.

Yes, yes, I hear and smile, what Tragedies
You make of lawful just Severities.
The Martyrs you applaud were Rebels too,
And still against Authority would go ;
If then they suffer'd, pray who is to blame ?

Professor.

Already I have shwon that to their shame,
And I would have my Country-men to take
Another taste, that may perhaps awake,
Their drowsy Souls who take a dying Nap,
Much like deluded Sampson on the Lap.
Of lustful *Dalilah*, whose treacherous breath,
Sends forth the Messenger of Sampson's death.
Let not the Strumpet's Sugred Words persuade
You to give credit to her, that's her trade
Like wicked *Cain* first of that sinful Race,
Who slew his Brother, smiling in his Face.
From the first time that e'er the hellish Rage
Of Jesuits appeared on the Stage.
To act their parts in England, France and Spain.
And Italy her bloody hands hath slain.
Nine hundred thousand Souls, or thereabout,
E're many Years had run their hours out
Of the Americans, by Popish Spain,
In Fifty Years was fifteen Millions slain.
The poor Religious Waldenses, whose Eye,
Like the quick sighted Vulture doth espy
Rome's filthy Whoredoms, readily to disclaim
Her vile Idolatry and hate the same : Cup
Drunk dreadful draughts of *Rome's* most bloody
Which was with Hell-bred Fury poured up.
And for no other cause, her bloody Hands
She stretch'd abroad with hell in raged bands,

134 *A Dialogue between an old Apostate,*
Being sent abroad forthwith to put to Death,
Both young and old each man that draweth breath
And yet as if she had not been content,
To murder Parents with their innocent.
Four score sweet Babes that never did offend,
Famish'd to Death their Harmless Lives did end.
Search search into the deep Abyss of Hell,
And see if all the Devils can Parellel
So vile an Act : Oh most imperious Treason !
Against the King of Kings and Law of Reason.
Are Papists Christians, and are these their Acts,
To Punish such as ne're committed Facts ?
Are those right Actings fitting Gospel-times,
To lay on Babes the weight of highest Crimes ?
Did Christ do so or hath he ever given
Them leave to do so with the Heirs of Heaven ?
Those murder'd Souls under the Altar lye,
Crying how long eternal Majesty,
How long wilt be e're thou avenge thy Saints,
And lend an Ear unto their sad Complaints ?
These Waldenses being overcome and dead,
A little Remnant that escaped fled ;
Taught by Dame Nature's Moral-Laws to save
Their much desired Lives within the Cave,
Did hide themselves, hoping at last that they
Taking Advantage of another Day,
When Golden *Titan* had laid down his Head
Upon the Pillows of the Western Bed,
And PROSERPINA Lady of the Night,
Had drawn their sable Curtains then they might,
Transport themselves into some other Land,
and so escape out of the Hunters Hand.
But as the Hounds do hunt the wearied Hart,
Do ply their steps, and never will depart
The Fields or Meadows, or the silent Wood,
Till they surprize the Beast , even those Blood-
Devouring Monsters, having found the Cave,
Most barb'rously did make that Place their Grave
Wherein

Wherein Four hundred yielding up their Breath,
Were in a barb'rous manner choak'd to Death,
No Nation in the World hath ever seen,
A Foe so dreadful as the Whore hath been.

It is far better to be overcome

By Turk or Heathen, than the Christian Rome.

What part of Europe now can make their boalst,
And say they have not tasted to their Cost,

Of Romish Mercy ? Some are yet alive,

Whose Parents felt the Death she did contrive

O Germany thy poor distres'd Estate,

Will speak to future Ages, and relate,

Whole Volumes of her bloody Murders, and

The murder'd souls of bleeding Ireland,

Cry Night and Day for Vengance and implore

God's Heaven enthroned Majesty e'ermore,

To put a Period to their Hellish Power,

That he may overtake her in an Hour.

Those dreadful Murders have the Eies and Ears

Of some now living heard and seen the tears,

Of soul afflicted Parents, whose sad Eies, (Cries

Beheld their Murder'd Babes and heard their

Their Daughters Raignt and when that was done

Cruelly Murder'd and the hopeful Son,

By unheard Torments slain before their Eies,

Whilst they beheld their Childrens Miteries :

Their Children murder'd and their Wives defil'd

Whose Bodies they ript up being great with Child;

And all this while Parents and Husbands were

Forc'd to behold what Flesh and Blood cann't

The bare Relation : what Adamant Heart (bear

Won't melt when I these dreadful things impart ?

Ripping up Women great with Child's not all,

For that although inhuman was but small,

Compar'd with other torments they endur'd,

Whose Patience bore what else cou'd not be cur'd:

We see how they have dealt with every Nation :

And shall we think at last to find Coniunction ?

The

136 *A Dialog ue between an Old Apostate,*

The pitious Cries of Parents could not move
Them to extend the smallest Dram of Love.
The tears that run from dying Infants Eyes,
Like plenteous showers from the weeping Skies,
Whose great abundance might have made a river
Yet all these Floods of Brinish Tears could never
Enter a Papist's Heart, so hard condens'd,
So void of Pity and all Human Sense :
To hear the doleful Shrieks and dying Groans,
Of poor distresed Babes who make their Moans
Unto their Parents before that they depart,
These are the things delight a Papist's heart.
To see the dying Gasps before the Death
Of tortur'd Souls whose Life forsaken Breath,
Had waited many a tedious Hour past, (last
When their tormented Souls should breath their
Whose doleful fighings penetrate the Skies,
Such objects do Delight a Papist's Eyes.
And can we now at least expect to find
Rome is grown merciful and Papists kind ?
No, no, we cannot do't if we but fix
Our serious Thoughts upon late Sixty-six
When *London* was consum'd that famous City,
Its Ruin did bespeak them void of pity
By Rome's Contrivance was fair London burnt,
England's Metropolis to ashes turn'd.
The Merchants of their Riches quite bereft,
Rich Men to Day, to Morrow nothing left,
Their Wives and Children harbourless became,
Their Substance all consumed in the Flame
The doleful shrieks, the lamentable Cries,
And Floods of Tears, that ran from weeping Eyes,
As true Resemblances did present
The sorrows that our Neighbours underwent.
And can we think that such Hell-bottom'd Rage,
That did provoke so many to engag'd.
In such an Act far worse than Powder-Treason,
Can we suppose if we consult with Reason,

The

The Fury of their hellish Rage expir'd
So soon as e're that famous Place was fir'd.
No, no, good Sir your pardon I presume,
Those Hell-inraged Flames that did consume
So fair a City in so short a space,
Hell gave those Flames Commission down to raze
Not London only but every Soul that hath
A Heart resolved to maintain the Faith
Of JESUS, Protestants both great and small,
Rome hath determin'd their eternal Fall.
And those more formal Protestants whose Zeal,
May secretly persuade them to conceal
Their seeming Faith and feignedly to close
With *Rome's* erroneous Doctrines and suppose
Thereby to save their Lives ; let none believe
Such vain Persuasions, many did deceive
Themselves for *Rome* that painted Scarlet Whore
Will deal with them as she hath done before,
With such as hoped in the self same kind
Mercy to meet with but nought less to find.
Christ never gave unto his Church Commission,
For to make Laws for grievous Persecution :
No outward Force were they it'h' least, to use,
Much less poor innocents for to abuse.
The holy Saints and People of the Lord,
Their only Weapon was God's sacred Word.
With that bleff'd Sword they always overcome,
And did refute all Hereticks. but *Rome*
Makes use 'tis plain with carnal Sword and Fire,
'Tis blood, 'tis blood this Locust doth desire.
Death without Mercy, Acts of Cruelty,
The Matter must decide continually.
The ways they use to turn a Soul from Error,
Is the most dreadful Flesh-amazing Terror.
Of horrid Racks whereon a Man must lye,
Tortur'd to Death, Dying yet cannot dye.
Strange kind of Instruments, devis'd to tear
The Flesh from off the Bones ; these sometimes were
Her

138 *A Dialogue between an old Apostate,*

Her friendly Admonitions to reclaim,
Such whom she doth for Hereticks defame,
What Massacres hath she contriv'd by Night,
When Nature doth to rest each Man invite ?
When sleep has clos'd their eies, no thought of harms
Did them possess, but in their folded arms.

Their Wives and Children lay in hopes that they
Through Grace might live to see another Day,
Then came these mur'dring Butchers sent from hell,
Nothing but Blood would their vile Rage repel.
If these Church dealings will not work *contrition*,
She can erect a cursed Inquisition :

A dreadful Place of Cruelty and Blood,
Whose torments scarcely can be understood ;
A loathsome Dungeon and vile stinking Cell,
A Place of Darkness, representing Hell,
Where nothing is so plentiful as Tears,
And bitter sighs, and yet can find no Ears,
To hear their Cries and lamentable Moans,
Nor Hearts to pity them for all their Groans,
Where many tedious Days and Nights they spend,
Not knowing when their Sufferings will have End,
If such like Arguments, Sir will confute,
A Heretick, the Papists may dispute.

With all the World, nay heathen Rome could never
Come nigh a Papist with their best Endeavour :
They scorn all Turks and Pagans for Contrival,
Of barbarous Cruelties should be their Rival :
For Inhumanities they must defy,
And scorn that Cannibals should them come nigh,
A bloody Papist strives to Counterfeit
The plagues of Hell as far as Man's Conceit
Can reach unto or Devils could invent,
This is a Papist's knocking Argument.
Thus, thus is Rome, drunk with the Martyrs Blood,
Which has run down like to a mighty Flood.
Oh ! It is Rome that is that Scarlet Whore,
Which thus doth hate and persecute the Poor.

And

And all which are unto the Truth inclin'd,
 To serve the Lord with a most perfect Mind.
 According to the Tenor of his Word ;
 All such it strives to put unto the Sword :
 And suffers none to buy nor sell nor live,
 But such as Homage unto her would give.
 Upon her Hand also St. John did see,
 Was writ the cursed Name of Blasphemy ;
 Setting her self on God's Imperial Throne,
 Saying, I am, besides me there is none.
 " I have the Keys of Heaven in mine Hand ;
 " Both Earth and Hell is at my Sole Command.
 " I shut and open unto whom I please,
 " I Torment give to some, to others Ease.
 Lo, thus God's sacred Word doth point her forth
 This, this is she, there's none in all the Earth,
 That ever did adventure to lay Claim
 To that presumptuous and blasphemous Name,
 As King of Heaven, Earth and Hell, but she,
 Therefore Rome's Church must the vile strumpet be
 Apostate.

Sir speak no more, forbear your slanderous Lies,
 The Holy Church such murd'rous Acts defies.
 Do not believe all Stories that you hear,
 'Tis hard for you to make these things appear.

Professor.

These things were not (Sir) in a Corner done,
 Besides I never yet have heard of one,
 That is for you or standeth on your side,
 Who by just Proof ever this thing deny'd ;
 Besides 'twas late some of these Cruelties,
 Murder and Blood, and barb'rrous Tragedies,
 Were done and aefted, some alive now be,
 Who with their Cyes these Villanies did see.
 About the Year dear Sir of fifty five,
 Rom: did a dreadful Massacre contrive.
 Near unto France the Dukedom of S^roy
 Where thirty thousand souls she did destroy.

Who

140 A Dialogue between an Old Apostle.

Who were commanded without all delays,
Papists to turn, and that within three days ;
Who for refusing were then presently
Put unto Death with barb'rous Cruelty.
Some with sharp spears, thrust thro' the *pivv parts*
Whilst others stabbed were unto their Hearts.
Some Babes they cut in pieces, others Roasted,
And some upon the tops of Spears they tossed ;
Virgins were Ravished, Widows and Wives,
Were barb'rously depriv'd of their Lives.
Some were drove forth on bitter Ice and Snow,
And many knock'd o'th' head as they did go.
Two hundred thousand Protestants or more,
Were massacred by this vile bloody Whore.
In Ireland there's many now alive,
Who saw what kind of Deaths they did contrive
By which some of their dear Relations then,
Were tortured by those most bloody Men.
How can you Sir, these things i'th' least deny,
Which are so obvious to every Eye.

Apostle

Youth, 'tis the Faith of Roman Catholicks,
Thus for to deal with all vile Hereticks :
Yet 'twas Rebellion too, say what you will,
For which the Church did many thousands kill.
To Majestrates they disobedient were,
And therefore they Just Punishment did bear.

Professor.

Peter and John they Rebels were also,
By that same Argument which use you do.
To Majestrates they did refuse to bend,
Wherein they knew they should the Lord offend.
In civil things they always did submit,
And preach'd also, it was a thing most fit,
In things which unto man do appertain,
But Christ o'er Conscience ought alone to reign.
Ev'n so these Martyrs bear an upright Mind
Unto their Prince, and ever were inclin'd

In

In all just things obedient for to be,
 Yet did stand up for Christ his Sovereignty ;
 And were resolv'd in matters of their Faith.
 To worship God as holy Scripture saith.
 According to that Light which he doth give,
 Up unto which each Soul on Earth should live.
 And though your Church *doth put the poor to death.*
 'Twas from the Devil such curs'd Laws came forth
 The Tares with Wheat shall grow unto the end,
 Till God is pleased the Reapers for to send.
 It w as from Satan I don't doubt i'th' leaſt,
 For he did give unto this bloody Beast,
 His Power and Seat, and his Authority,
 For to effect all cursed Villany.

Apostate.

They were some evil persons without doubt
 Who crept into the Church, that work't about.
 Those murd'rous deeds the Church did not al-
 But utterly against them doth avow. (low

Professor.

The silly Pope and evil Cardinal,
 With Bishoſs, Monks and Fryars you so call,
 With fiery Jesuits, for to be brief,
 In all these murd'rous Acts these were the chief,
 False Pardons, Bulls, and cursed Dispensations,
 From bloody *Rome* has ruin'd many Nations.
 We know now clearly, how to bring our Charge
 As I could show but that I can't enlarge.

Apostate.

I know not how, Sir, farther to excuse.
 The Holy Church, you put me in a Muse ;
 But she's more kind and gentle grown of late,
 And doth such Cruelties defy and hate.

Professor.

Rome to a Wolf may fitly be compar'd,
 Who whilst against his will is quite debarr'd
 From seeking of his Prey being ty'd in Chains
 Seems very peaceable though he remains,

142 *A Dialogue between an ole Apostate.*

A Wolf in Nature still if ever he
At any Rate can get his Liberty,
Doth straitway run impatient of Delay,
And cannot Rest until he's got his Prey.
So *Rome* seems kind and gentle until she
Can find again an Opportunity,
Which with unwearied Pains and often Trial,
She ever leeks, and hardly takes Denial ;
Which if she once obtains, she will not stay
From shedding Blood one Minute of a Day.

Apostate.

'Tis a vain thing, with you for to contend,
And therefore I had rather make an End ;
Tis' out of Love I speak to have you leave
Your evil Errors speedily to cleave
Unto that Church which only can decide,
All Controversies, even to divide,
The Truth from Error, Light from Darkness so,
That every one the ready way may go.
But Youth consider once again I pray,
The Troubles of a new-approaching Day,
For sore Amazements will you overtake,
Unless you do your Purposes forsake.
If once our Church the Day obtains before,
You Hereticks must down and rise no more.
Let former strokes of Justice take such place.
As for to move you wisely to embrace
That Counsel which in tender Love I give,
That you in safety evermore may live :
Or you'll repent that ever you begun,
Those dangerous ways of Heresie to run.
It's a dark, doleful dangerous Pace you go,
Recant therefore as many others do.

Professor.

You may mistake, some times the waters flow,
Yet on a sudden observe them low.
A *Haman* may maliciously devile,
Poor *Mordecai*, and others to surprize ;

Yet

Yet ma
And he
The Fl
Is hard
The V
And u
The V
Hard
I've a
T' es
I sha
Thou
For t
I thi
I am
Befor

T
Thou
Tho
And
Alas
Wh

Y
Wh
But
Yo
Dic
La
To
All
If r
It g
In
1 f
T
A

Yet may his purposes meet with a blast,
And he himself be hanged to at last.

The Flesh with all its Lusts to mortifie,
Is hard to those who love Iniquity.

The Way to Papists wholly is untrod,
And unto all who haters are of God.

The Way seems dark to you untrod uneven,
Hard to the Flesh, yet 'tis the Way to Heaven.

I've a sure hand to lead my trembling Paces,
T' escape the danger of those trampling Places,
I shall pass safe by means of my blest Guide,
Though thousands fall by me on every side.

For to run back would prove a doleful Fault,
I think upon the Monument of salt.

I am resolv'd a thousand Deaths to die,
Before I'll ever yield to Popery.

Apostate.

Thou art too strict too righteous, and precise,
Thou slight st such things as prudent Men do prize.

Thou may'st have Christ Pleasures and Honour
And saved be without half this a doe (too
Alas, there's very few are of your Mind,
Who unto *Rome* are not at all inclin'd.

Professor.

You do condemn me for a holy Life,
Wherein 'tis true, I meet with straits and strife ;
But when dear Sir you come at length todye,
You'l blame your self and me you'l justifie.

Did ever any on a dying Bed,
Lament that they were by God's spirit led,
To crucify their Sins and undertake,
All things to leave for the Lord Jesus sake ;
If righteous ones alas scarce saved are,
It greatly doth behove me to take care,
In holiness to walk whate'er you say,
I from the Paths of Life will never stray.
The Way I know is rough, 'tis hard and strait,
And leads me also through a thorny Gate.

Whose

144 *A dialogue between an old Apostate,*

Whose scratching Pricks are very sharp and fell,
The way to Heaven is by the Gates of Hell.
Your Way its true, seems very plain and wide,
Since you from Christ have lately turn'd aside
My Paths seems long your's short and very fair,
Free from all Rubs, and Snares, yet Sir, beware,
The safest Path is not always most even,
The way to Hell's like to a seeming Heaven.
Or shall the promis'd Crown of endless Life,
Be judg'd a Trifle and not worth a Strife ?
Things of great worth are got on Earth with Pains
And he who ventures nothing, nothing gains
And shall I then be startled with a Frown,
When full assur'd of an eternal Crown ?
The strife which doth an holy Life attend,
Will recompensed be I am sure i'th' End.
I will go on since Jesus doth invite me, (me
His Strength is mine and nothing shall affright

Apostate.

I do perceive you are resolv'd to run,
In your strict ways until you are undone.
Yet hear a little what I have to speak,
And you will find its best for you to take,
The Counsel which I give, for you'l espy,
Great Ruin fall upon you suddenly.
Your Father will not own you for his Son,
If in this foolish strictness you go on ;
His Face expect here-after not to see,
If this your Purpose and your Pleasure be.

Professor.

If Father, Mother and dear Brethren too
Forsake me quite, yet still I well do know
My precious Saviour will my Soul embrace,
And I shall see sweet Smiles of his dear Face ;
My self and my Relations all though dear,
I do deny such is the Love I bear
To my dear Lord, whose Servant now am I,
And do resolve to be until I die,

Come

Come Life, come Death, for Canaan I'll endeavour,
It is my Home and Resting Place for ever.
Better it is that Earthly Friends abuse me,
Than that Christ Jesus should at last refuse me.
I'd rather bear my Father's Wrath and Ire,
Than to be cast into Eternal Fire.

Apostate.

Fie, fie, Young-Man forbear, and take advice,
Let not hot Zeal thy Fancy thus intice.
For to refuse those pleasant things which you
May here enjoy as many others do :
'Tis much too soon for thee to mind such things,
For nought but Grief and Dotage from it springs.
'Twill dull thy Wit, and make thee like a Drone,
And thou 'lt be slighted too by every one.
How might 'st thou live at Ease, and Pleasure find,
If once these ways thou would 'st resolve to mind.
And, like a Flower, flourish in the Spring,
And with Young Gallants might 'st rejoice & sing,
And spend thy Days in Pleasure sweet and rare,
I prithee Youth consider, O take Care
To chear thy Heart ; behold now in thy sight,
What Earthly Joys most sweetly do invite.

Professor.

Young, it is true, I am, and in my Prime,
Therefore resolve for to improve my time.
Shall Satan have the primest of my Days,
And put off Christ, with base and vile Delays.
Until Old Age, and then at last present
The Dregs of time to Him ? I'll not consent :
To such vile thoughts I will not lend an Ear,
I to my Saviour more Affection bare.
Since of the Living Spring my Lord did Drink,
All sinful Pleasures in my Nose do stink.
More Precious Joy I find in my dear Lord,
Than all this World doth, yea, or can afford.
If I am slighted for Christ Jesus sake,
And judg'd a Fool, or Drone, yet can take

146 *A Dialogue between an Old Apostate,*

All for him, who for me hath undergone
More shame than this before his Work was done,
This is my choosing time, I have made choice,
God's Word I will obey, and hear his voice.
God's Council 'tis, that first of all, in Youth,
I should him seek, and cleave unto the Truth.
Your Council I abhor, shall lustful Fire
Be kindle in my Breast? shall my desire
Run out again to Egypt's cursed Stuff,
I know 'tis naught, of it I have enough.

Apostate.

Alas! the Journey's long, you'll wearied be,
And faint, before that Kingdom you do see.

Professor.

Nay, Sir, be silent, that is false, for I
By Faith most clearly do the Land espy,
But is the Journey long? blame me no more,
Betimes i'th' Morning I set out therefore,
Why didst thou say it was too soon for me
For to set out, if long the Journey be?
I do resolve, in Youth, with speed to strive,
Lest I too late at last should there arrive.
While Strength and Youth doth last, I'll bend my
To travel hard, because I clearly find, (mind
Old Age and Limbs are quickly out of Case
To go a Journey, or to run a Race.
Alas, when Night is ready to come in,
That's not a time this Journey to begin,
When Sun and Moon, and Stars, all darkned be,
And Clouds return, that we no Light can see,
When Rain and Tempest do most sore appear;
And th' Keepers of the House all trembling are.
When the strong Men themselves are forc'd to bow
And Grinders cease also, because that now
They are but few, and ready to fall out.
And those thro' Windows which do look about,
Are become dim, nay, darkned without Light,
The Doors too in the Street are shut up quite.

Wher

When fears encrease, in thoughts of what's on high,
Fears in the Way, and fears for what is nigh ;
When flourish shall the Almond Tree also,
The Grasshopper shall be a Burden too ;
When loosed is the precious silver Cord,
And Golden Bowl is broken as we'ave heard ;
When the weak Pitcher's at the Fountain broke,
And th'Wheel at th'Cistern with an heavy Stroke.
When desire fails, and there; alas, is none,
What will such do who ha'n't this Race begun ?
Besides 'tis clear, my Ways uncertain be,
Old-Age, alas ! I may not live to see,
Young Men are quickly gone for I behold ;
Daily as young as I are turn'd to mould,
My own Experience doth discover this,
My Life a Bubble and a Vapour is.
The Flower which doth spread and is so gay,
Soon may it fade and wither quite away.
If I therefore have still much work to do,
Or as you say so long a way to do,
It doth concern me then with all my power,
For to improve each Day, yea every Hour,
For Days to come I see may not be mine,
My time I'll spend not as thou spendest thine.
My Weights I'll cast away this Race to run,
Stand still I must not, nor with thee return.
I must provide me Oyl, get Grace in store,
For e'er a while I shall be seen no more
This side the Grave, I haste therefore to meet
The Glorious Judge at the great Judgment-Seat.
I must make haste, be swift like to the Sun,
Lest that my Work's to do when time is done.

Apostate.

To you Young man, I have declared much
Of the sad Danger, but your Zeal is such,
Nought that I say with you takes any place,
You don't believe me, that's the very Case.

But what's the reason, Youth, so many Folk,
Decline those Paths in which you seem to walk ?

Were ways of your strict Holiness so sweet,
They in this sort would never back retreat ?

I did resolve with others for to try,
And find you all deceived utterly.

Your whole Religion's nought but meer Conceit,
Let none therefore thy Soul with Fancies cheat.
Some there be daily do your ways forsake,
Bethou advis'd, and other' Counsel take.

Professor.

If thousands fall away it is no more
Than what the Scripture shews was heretofore.
Thousands of Old from Egypt did adventure,
And yet but two of them did Canaan enter :
They never had of Christ a saving taste,
Who quite away their seeming Hopes do cast :
But what of this ? shall I my Lord deny,
Because that you some Hypocrites espy ?
Those who do murmur in the Wilderness,
The Land of Promise never shall possess.
But if they will the precious Lord revoke,
Shall I from thence resolve to slip the Yoke ?
Because they don't the glorious Lord believe,
Shall *Caleb* think the Land he can't receive ?
Because so many walk i'th' Way to Hell,
Shall I conclude that Heaven don't excel
The vain Enjoyments of an evil World ?
Or, shall with Fancies thus along be hurl'd ;
Because that *Judas* did for thirty Pence,
Sell his Dear Lord, shall I conclude from thence,
Peter a Fool, who priz'd his Saviour so,
That for his sake all things he'd under go ?
If fearful Soldiers basely quit the Field,
Shall valiant Champions therefore straitway yield
Most Cowardly unto their treacherous Foe,
Whom they assured were to overthrow.
If Marriners unskil'd in Navigation,
Are split on Rocks shall all then in the Nation.

That

That have that Curious Art, resolve therefore
Never to use the Art of Sailing more ?
Because the Sluggard sees the Winds do blow,
The Rain descending with Cold Hail and Snow,
He doth give o'er, and says, no longer will
Remain i'th Field his barren Land to Till :
Shall faithful Husband men from the like Ground
Who have oft-times, by good Experince found,
Without they Sow no harvest they can have,
Resolve their painful Labours puite to leave ?
He that won't Plow because o'th' Snow and Rain,
Shall beg at Harvest, and shall nought obtain :
So in like sort to mind my present Case,
'Cause Persons void of God's true saving Grace,
Apostatize, as you your self have done,
Must I to th' Devil with you Head-long run ?
'Cause some Professors secretly do love
Some bafe Corruptions, doth this therefore prove ;
There's none sincere for God in all the Earth,
Whose Souls experience do the second Birth ?
I, for my part, through Grace have this to say,
I never shall, nor can I, fall away :
All those whom God has unto Jesus given,
They never can be dispossess'd of Heaven ;
The Promise of Eternal Life is theirs,
And they like Isaac, even so are Heirs,
Who could not miss, nor dsposseſſed be,
Unless God's Word's made a meer Nullity ;
God's Covenant also with Christ doth stand,
Who can supply our Wants on ev'ry Hand :
Sin shall not reign, such is our Happy Case,
We are not under th' Law, but under Grace.
This Covenant is not like to the Old,
We of a surer Person now have hold.
Our Credit's nothing worth, our Surety
Is in our Room our Wants he must supply.
Besides all this, I'll hint another thing
Which to my soul doth much refreshment bring ;

150 *A Dialogue between an Old Apostate,*

He that's the Author of my Faith, I spy,
Will finish it himself assuredly.

He that in me has a good Work begun,
Will perfect it also e'er he has done.

Within God's Saints eternal Life doth dwell,
This would remove the Doubt, consider'd well,
Those unto whom eternal Life is given,
How can it be that such should miss of Heaven?
And now to breviate 'tis my intent,

Sir, if you please to frame one Argument.

If the New Creature in the Souls of Men,
Is of God's Spirit born, I argue then,
The same in Nature it must surely be,
Which cannot Death or like Mutation see,
But that 'tis of God's Spirit born, is clear,
As John the Third doth make most plain appear:
The Seed also doth in their Souls remain,
They cannot Sin to Death, who're born again
God's Fear, moreover, is so in their Heart,
That they from him shall never more depart.
Thus is my standing very firm and sure,
And to the end I know I shall endure.
And as for those who fall away and dye,
I shall discover clearly by and by.
What kind of Men and Women they are all
Which will hold forth the cause too of their Fall.

Apostate.

Most confident I do perceive you are,
Daunted at nothing, yet pray let me hear
Those Persons Names which you did lastly meet,
Who finally resolve for to retreat,
And leave those Paths which you seem to commend,
Come speak to this, and we Hill make an end.

Professor.

Sir, unto me it doth most plain appear,
As if they Cowards and faint-hearted were,
And in them all doth reign some cursed Evil,
Which makes them to conform unto the Devil.

Apostate.

Apostate.

As you suppose, but pray Youth have a Care,
For they sincere and sober People are,
And I do Question whether yea, or nay,
Thou dost them know, what further hast to say?

Professor.

I toldu yo, Sir, I knew them very well,
And fince you urge me, I resolve to tell
What kind of Folk they are, and also shall
Their Names discover unto great and small;
Master Fearful was one that I see,
With him was goodly Sensuality;
With my Dame Misbelief, and Goodman Outside,
Who turn'd from Christ as soon as they were try'd,
One Unbelief, a very wicked Man,
Turn him out of his way there's no one can.
Besides them also there's one Earthly Heart,
Who nothing loves so well as Plow and Cart:
Also there's Esau Faint-heart most profane,
Who sells his Birth-right, Pottage to obtain;
With Belly God, a Man whom I do find,
Flesh-Plots and Onions he doth chiefly mind;
There's Mistress Discontent too with the rest,
Who would have nougat but what she liked best:
Master Hot-love, soon cold, also was there,
Lately for Zeal few could with him compare;
There's Ishmael Legal Heart, in Truth also,
VVhen troubles rise, he strait away doth go,
VVith Master Balaam, who doth Jesus leave,
The VVages of Unrighteousnes to have:
Some People also I have lately met,
VVho were with Sin most easily beset:
A Gentleman I also did behold,
Whose Trade was great, and store he had of Gold;
He's going back with Sorrow I do know,
Because he cann't have Christ and the World too:
One Master Atheist, that I think's his Name,
As like your self, as if he were the same;

He's fallen back so far and turn'd aside,
That at Religion he doth much deride ;
He think's Religion's but a foolish thing,
Which doth no Comfort nor no Profit bring :
This is too true, you also are the Man,
To clear your self, deny it if you can :
No marvel 'tis you play the Devils part,
In labouring thus for to deceive my Heart,
And blind mine Eyes, if that thou knewest how,
Thou'lt make me like thy self, and therefore now
I am resolv'd with thee for to engage,
Who striv'd to stop me in my Pilgrimage,
Some Stones I think to fetch out of God's Book,
Though like Goliah you do seem to look ;
Yet in his Name, whom you so much defie,
I shall prevail against you by and by.
I thought, I must confess, some Years ago,
I should not in the least be stopt by you ;
Or that I should have met with Opposition,
From such a Foe, to add to my affliction :
But since this is my sad unhappy Fate,
I'll add a Line or two to vindicate
The dreadful God, so far as lies in me,
I'll vindicate that Glorious Deity,
Who in my Soul his Image so has set,
That I his Glorious Being can't forget.
Shall he which form'd both Heaven and the Earth,
From whom I have my precious Life and Birth,
Be trod upon, nay, utterly deny'd ?
What Soul can such a sinful Wretch abide ?
Who strives at once, if that you could it do,
The Life of all Religion to o'erthrew.
Hast thou got ought to speak, and wilt thou enter
On the Debate ? yet durst thou to adventure
To ope thy Mouth i'th' leaſt for to defend
Those Thoughts of thine, which clearly do descend
From Hell beneath ? thou'l prove thy ſelf thereby
The Devil's Friend, Jehovah's Enemy.

Apostate.

Thou Childish Lad, dost think I am afraid
For to declare my self, or am dismay'd,
By silly Dreams and Fancies which affright
Those simple ones who dare not wake i'th' Night ;
Who startle at a Shadow which they see,
And think the Devil's near, when 'tis a tree ?
And since I do perceive you understand,
What my Opinion is, I do demand,
How you can prove, and fully make appear,
There is a God ; for none at all I fear.
No God nor Devil I at all believe,
Nor is there any Heaven to receive
The Souls of holy Men, when they do die ;
Nor is there any Hell of Misery,
For Sinners, after Death, as you Conceit
All is nought else save a Religious Cheat.

Professor.

Dare you your Maker thus with Impudence
Deny and tread upon ? such insolence
What Soul can bear ! That Age can show the like !
There so much Light hath been ? Shall Mortals
At the great God and Glorious Deity ? (strike
Whose dreadful Being and Existency
The Heathen did find out, and greatly fear,
His God-head did to them most plain appear
By the Creation man as in a Glass,
May there behold who his Creator was.
'Tis time to arm thy self and look about,
When by an Atheist I am challeng'd out :
'Tis time to shake off sloth for to engage
With such a Foe in this my Pilgrimage.
If once I should unto an Atheist yield,
And treacherously also acquit the Field,
The strongest hold of Truth betray should I,
Into the Hands of its worst Enemy :
And should unman my self of Christian too,
And my dear Soul of Reason overthrow.

I should debase my self, should I deny
 My Noble Birth from the Great Deity,
 Man's chiefest Glory springs from's supream Head,
 In his Descent from him who made and bred,
 And brought him forth, and doth his Life maintain,
 From hence Man dōth his chiefest Honour gain.
 'Tis pow'r Divine that Man doth greateren thus,
 As to create him King o'th' Universe.
 For Man to say he came by Hap or Chance,
 As 'tis a piece of wilful Ignorance;
 Himself also he doth depose thereby,
 From his own Honour and rare Dignity;
 And vile Contempt upon himself doth bring,
 As well as Dirt upon that Essence fling,
 Who form'd his Soul, and gave to him his Breath,
 And made him Ruler here upon the Earth.
 But to proceed, and lend my helping Hand,
 In the Defence of sacred Truth to stand,
 And vindicate my great Creator's Cause,
 By Nature's Light, and also by those Laws
 Which Supernat'ral are, and most Divine,
 Whose Light excels, yea, and whose Glories shine.
 You ask me how I can make it appear
 There is a God; attend, and now give ear,
 And weigh my Arguments and Reasons found,
 And let not Satan more your Soul confound,
 And Reason quite destroy as he has done,
 Lest to the Devil you do headlong run.

Apostate.

Before you do proceed, this you must know,
 If you a God do think to prove or show,
 Be sure of this. Young Man it must not be
 By Scripture-Proof, for its Authority
 I do deny, and cannot it believe;
 You never shall that way my Heart deceive;
 The Knowledge which you Supernat'ral call,
 Is a meer Cheat, I mind it not at all.

Professor.

Professor.

Though supernat'ral Knowledge you despise,
And count God's Holy Word to be but Lies,
I briefly shall stand up in its Defence,
And shew your Pride and cursed Insolence.
That all may love God's Word, prize it and see
Its Worth, and Weight, and its Authority,
To be Divine, and by Jehovah given,
To lead poor Souls in the right Way to Heaven :
One thing of you i'th' first Plate I demand,
Pray let me know, and fully understand,
When this supposed Cheat did first commence,
And in what part o'th' World, bring Evidence,
Egypt stands mute, saith, it commenc'd not here,
Nor did the Jews invent it, that's as clear.
Ask all the Heathens too, in ev'ry Age,
If their Philosophers brought on th' Stage,
If you can find 't out, pray bring 't to light,
Or else confess your Darkness worse than Night.
'Tis strange that such an universal Cheat
Should thus be put upon the World, and yet
No one can see who did the same devise,
Nor how, nor when, the same at first did rise ;
Since all the World stands silent, and is mute,
This might a Period put to the Dispute.
But, secondly, I argue once again,
There's none of them who do so much disdain
The Holy Scriptures, who just Proof could bring,
To shew i'th' least they were a forged thing :
If none can them disprove, O then, say I,
What ground have you the Scriptures to deny ?
The Scriptures also I observe have been
Strangely preserv'd, by a Pow'r unseen,
In ev'ry Age, kept both in Word and Sense,
From secret Fraud, and open Violence.
No wicked or malicious Men could ever
Subvert the Scripture, though they did endeavour.

The

158 *A Dialogue between an old Apostle,*

The beastly Clergy of the Church of Rome,
Thorow whose Hands to us the Scriptures come,
Are guilty of most vile abomination,
As ever was committed in a Nation :
And that they may more freely do the same,
And so be kept from sad Reproach and shame,
They say the Pope himself may change the Laws
Of th' Holy Gospel as himself sees Cause ;
And make the sense of Scriptures to agree
With Time and Place, as he most fit doth see.
How free those sacrilegious Monsters were
(Had God admitted) to extinguish clear
The sacred Scriptures, and put out their Light,
And fill'd the World with an eternal Night :
But we may see, although it made its way,
Thorough those muddy Channels, yet have they
Been still kept pure, and still remain a Law,
To keep most Men, save bloody Popes, in awe.
Now if against so many Enemies,
Who us'd all Means the Devil could devise
To obliterate this Soul-informing Word,
It was preserv'd but not by Human Sword.
How dare you, Sir, presume for to deny
Its blessed and Divine Authority ?
Another Ground or Reason I shall urge,
Which prove God's Word Divine, as I do judge.
'Tis taken from that Influence they have
Upon their Hearts, whom God intends to save ;
It turns them to that cursed Way of Sin,
Which once they loved and delighted in.
It brings them out of Darkness into Light,
Yea, and discovers Jesus to their Sight.
Filling their Souls with inward Life and Peace,
And precious Joy, the which shall never cease.
The glorious Power which God did afford
Always to those who stood up for his Word,
Most clearly shews, methinks, to every Eye,
The Scripture's true, and their Authority

To

To be Divine, what ever you may say,
I cannot give this Argument away.

How have they been supported in the Flames ?
Which, as it did perpetuate their Names,
So God thereby did stir up ten for one.

To stand up for his Word when they were gone,
Ah ! how did they rejoice. Sir, in the Fire ?
Which made their very Enemies admire.

Wouldst thou one Instance have I could give two.
And ten times twenty more, if that would do :
But if I should, I'm sure I should transgres,
And over-charge th' Appendix and the Press :
And therefore I will add one Reason more,
To prove God's Word Divine, and so give o'er.
How has the Scripture made the Atheist quake,
And all his Limbs with dreadful horror shake !
When on a Death-bed they have come to lie,
Their Conscience waking in their Face did fly ;
Though in their Health they did it much despise,
And did affirm it was made up with Lies :
Yet has it made them howl at last and cry,
We are undone to all Eternity.

'Twas like unto the Writing on the Wall,
Which did foretel Profane Belshazzar's Fall ;
Which was so terrible, yea, and so strange,
It wrought among them a most sudden Change.
Their Mirth and Jollity doth now expire,
And the proud King does earnestly desire,
To hear it Read, nought then did serve the turn
But an Interpreter ; his Heart did burn,
His trembling Knees smote one against another,
As if his Joints were loosed from each other.
Thus those who won't confess Jehovah's Name,
Are forc'd to own Him, to their utter shame.
And those who will not of God's Word allow,
Are forc'd by Conscience under it to bow.
Now, if the Scripture cannot be gain-said,
Methinks each Soul should be exceeding fraid,

How

How they contemn that glorious Deity,
 Whom they so clearly shew and magnify,
 But to leave this a little to descend
 To man's own Reason, which you so commend ;
 How many Heathens did alone thereby
 Find out dear (Sir) God's Glorious Majesty ?
 If you your Reason did but excercise,
 From Atheism doubtless you might rise,
 And hate also this soul destroying Evil,
 Thus siding with, and yielding to the Devil :

Apostate.

Among the Heathens (Youth) were men offame,
 Who for their Skill in Nature had the Name
 Above all others which did quite deny
 There was a God or such a Deity.

Professor.

Your Epicurus, and Old Aristotle,
 With Theodorus, Bion and the Rabble,
 Of such like Atheists, I must grant to you,
 Deny'd there was a God, as Stories shew,
 Philosophy is good, but men abuse it,
 When they, like those old heathen Authors use it,
 God doth sometimes men's reason darken quite,
 For not improving the means of Light ;
 But tho' these natural sorts could not espy,
 By all their skill, the Eternal Deity ;
 Yet many thousand Heathens I must shew,
 By Nature's Light alone did come to know
 There was a God ; they searched so about
 Into God's works, they found his God-head out.
 For when they gave themselves up seriously
 To study Nature's Book and come to pry
 Into the Cause of all things here on Earth,
 And their Effects did clearly see the Birth,
 Or first Original of every thing,
 From such an Essence to descend or spring,
 The very Novices in Nature's School,
 May soon covincé that Man to be a Fool,

Who

Who by the Creature's Glory can't discern.
The Being of that dreadful sovereign,
Who did them form and make, for every where,
His glorious God-head they do all declare.
Had I but time I could some Pages fill,
To shew to you, how that Man's Reason will
Teach him there is a God, for if he mind
The Nature of his Soul this he might find.
Man's Soul is like to spring, or like to fire,
It resteth not aloft, but doth aspire ;
And unto Noah's Dove I'll it compare,
God is the Ark, Soul's Rest alone is there.
The flesh damns up the Spring, quenches desire,
Keeps of th' Ark to which it would retire.
But to conclude this, no man can disown,
God by his Judgments daily is made known.
What sad Examples daily do we hear,
Of Wrath and Vengeance almost every where
Some Drunkards and Blasphemers struck downde
And others with strange Judgments tortured.
If this will not convince you of your error,
I fear you will e're long fall under terror :
For if you will not now fair warning take,
God may of you a sad Example make,
Your state, alas, above all Men is sad,
Because of God you once such knowledge had ;
O Sir, consider this your woful state ;
And cry to God, if peradventure he
May give you Grace, whereby your Soul may fe
Your hainous Sin, that so you may repent
And turn to God before your Days are spent.

Apostate.

I must confess, I know not what to say
If there's a God, then cursed be the Day
That ever I was born, for I do know,
He never unto me will Mercy show :
I now resolve to open my Condition,
Tho' all's in vain ; for there is no contrition.

Will

Will do me good, I utterly am lost,
For I have sinn'd against the Holy Ghost:
I wilfully have sinn'd, and there remains
Nothing for me but everlasting Pains.

O that there was no God ! for then should I,
Be like the Beast when e'er I come to die.
For Love o'th' World, and for my present Ease,
I am become like to the trouled Seas.

No Rest nor Comfort ever shall I find,
Curs'd be the Day that ever I declin'd
From these good ways in which, dear Youth, you
Or ever I did God or Jesus know : go
For if I had not known them it is clear,
My Sin would not so hainous now appear :
O that I were in Hell ! for then should I
Soon see the worst of my Extremiy,

 hou shalt, dear Youth, for ever happy be,
 or thou art chosen, from Eternity,
To be an Heir of that eternal Bliss ;
But I, alas, am pain'd, what Woe is this ?
The Devil with his glist'ring Golden Ball,
Hath me deceiv'd ; and now I see my Fall
To be so bad, no Tongue can it expres,
My woful pain is yet Remediless.

The Checks of Conscience I did greatly slight,
And loved Darknels, greatly hated Light :
Yea, and of God I never lov'd to hear,
Though I of him had Hints oft-times most clear ;
And now will he my Soul to pieces tear,
And make me his eternal Vengeance bear.

Let all Backsliders of me warning take,
Before they fall into the Stygian Lake ;
Yea, and return and make with God their Peace,
Before the Days of Grace and Mercy cease ;
For mine are past for ever, Oh ! condole
My sad Estate, and miserable Soul.
My Days will quickly End, and I must lie
Broiling in Flames to all Eternity.

FINIS.



